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"The Bird Cages"

(1860 - 1898)

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BRITISH COLUMBIA HISTORICAL NEWS

Volume 25, No. 1 **Journal of the B.C. Historical Federation** Winter - 1991-92

Editorial

The B.C. Historical News circulates well beyond the province of British Columbia. Subscribers include libraries in England, Scotland, Germany and Australia, plus Harvard, Yale and a dozen more universities in the United States. The U.S. Library of Congress appealed for a complimentary subscription commencing with Vol. 24 No. 1. Recently, too, Memorial University in Newfoundland and St. Francis Xavier University in Nova Scotia joined a subscriber from Mount Allison, New Brunswick as subscribers.

Out-of-province writers have chosen to submit articles to our magazine. This issue has a story on Spruce Beer from a Seattle nutritionist, and one on Atlin written by a New Brunswick youth when he was studying at the University of Saskatchewan. Coming soon is a fascinating biography prepared by a professor in Florida.

We aim to include presentations from chatty local historians as well as students or serious researchers, to give diversity of topics and style. It has been suggested that we produce a future edition on the Cariboo or "Cariboo & North." Who among our readers has a favorite yarn about the Cariboo that would grace our pages? Please send it in soon. Remember, too, that history includes recent events as well as what happened over a hundred years ago.

Naomi Miller

COVER CREDIT

Ernest Harris of Vancouver shares (on page 22) an exerpt from his father's diary written in Victoria 100 years ago. This was at the time when our B.C. legislature was housed in a structure nicknamed "The Bird Cages", a brick building with pagoda-like roof and a multitude of windows. Mr. Harris depicts the buildings in his inimitable style on the cover.

Contents

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Spruce Beer:
In Lieu of Their Grog

by Jacqueline Williams

Spruce trees, Picea *sitchensis*, a member of the Pine family, thrive in the humid Pacific Northwest. To the maritime explorers approaching the Northwest coast for the first time the magnificent forest of green towering off shore must have been a welcome sight. For packed along with their supply of sea biscuits and salted meat was a recipe for turning the green needles of the spruce tree into refreshing, nourishing spruce-beer. The brew from the spruce trees can be considered the first of the Northwest foods to achieve popularity among the European arrivals.

Alcoholic beverage, especially wine, was carried on all sea voyages. No naval officer would sail without it. On Captain James Cook's voyage to the Pacific Northwest coast he began his trip with 1800 gallons of spirits and wine.[1] Both officers and crew needed the tranquilizing effects of alcohol to provide relief from the exhausting work aboard ship. Unfortunately, by the time the ships reached the far away Northwest shores,' there was little alcohol left. Spruce-beer which could be made in a day or two was considered a good substitute.

Had an advertising man accompanied the sailors he would have had no trouble coming up with an irresistible campaign to promote the Northwest's first beer and first micro-brewery. "All Natural Ingredients, Old World Formula" would have stood out in bold print over a frosty bottle of beer. Looking longingly at the beer would be a group of tired, bearded sailors surrounded by a grove of lush, green pine trees.

The name spruce-beer originates from the anglicization of the German *"sprossen-bier"*, which is beer made from *sprossen* (or sprouts), the buds of fir trees.[2] Prized by sailors since the sixteenth century, spruce-beer was thought to be an effective cure for scurvy, the unrelenting companion of sea voyages. ". . . A simple decoction of the tops, cones, leaves, or even bark and wood of these trees, is antiscorbutic . . . ," wrote James Lind in 1753.[3] Lind was a naval surgeon who conducted the first controlled trials for determining which foods were effective against scurvy. But, few people paid attention to his experimental designs or his results.

Spruce-beer was made popular by Captain James Cook, the renowned English maritime explorer who spent three weeks at Nootka Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Cook had completed several successful voyages of exploration and was a hero among the early maritime explorers. His navigation charts were considered state of the art. So when his findings about effective antiscorbutics for sailors on long sea voyages was published, everyone connected with sailing rushed to emulate his methods.[4]

In 1772, after his long second voyage to the Pacific Southwest, Cook had written: ". . . y Crew of y Resolution had been living on fish, Spruce-beer & Vegitabales (sic) for upwards of two Months which eradicated every seed of y Scurvy, " whereas the crew of the sister ship (Adventure) "had many of her best men far gorn in that disease, . . . for [they] were unacquainted with the method of making Spruce Beer." [5] Had there been a brewery, it could not have asked for a better endorsement.

Scurvy, a nutritional deficiency disease caused by a lack of vitamin C could decimate a ship almost as fast as enemy cannon. For Northwest Maritime explorers who would be away from their home port for several years, the problem was especially serious. Although they began the trip with what seemed like adequate supplies, by the time they anchored in the Pacific Northwest the ship's stores resembled a department store the day after Christmas sales. All the good stuff was gone. The majority of the crew suffered from scurvy and desperately needed effective antiscorbutics.

Although there was much misinformation in the eighteenth century about what foods were a protection against scurvy, modern analysis confirms that fresh spruce leaves contain adequate amounts of vitamin C. Unfortunately, that effect diminishes with fermentation and most of the spruce-beer was brewed with yeast. Still if they drank enough the sailors got some vitamin C. Cook and most every ship captain made spruce-beer whenever they planned to stay in a port. The Pacific Northwest was no exception. Spruce-beer is the area's first health drink.

Since the explorers had no idea that fermentation diminished Vitamin C, yeast which gave the beer its kick, became an important ingredient. In the journal kept by Captain George Dixon, an English explorer who arrived at Nootka Sound in 1787, there is a note praising a particular yeast. "We bought out a quantity of yeast in bottles, prepared by a Mrs. Stainsby, of London; and it would be doing her an injustice not to say, that the yeast was now found to answer our most sanguine expectations, in working the spruce, being equally good as when first brought from England."[6] This was quite an accomplishment for yeast in those years was not very stable and was easily effected by heat and motion. Both were hazards of early voyages. Commercial yeast did not become available in North America until 1868.

The ship's cooper, the crew member responsible for making and repairing casks and barrels, was employed in supervising the brewing. Some ships set up their brewery on board ship; others on shore. At Nootka Sound, George Vancouver felt the task would be easier

on the beach. He wrote: "Opposite to where the Vessels lay a low Point of Land run out, where there was an excellent run of Freshwater . . . And there being plenty of Spruce Pine here a party from each ship was sent on shore to brew Spruce Beer."[7] The implement for brewing was usually a large copper pot.

Statements from other explorers and crew members attest to the beer's popularity. "The people were allow'd to drink freely of it in lieu of their Grog", noted Vancouver.[8] "Really pleasant, refreshing, and healthy drink, it bubbled and tasted rather like champagne", recalled a member of Cook's crew after adding rum and brown sugar.[9]

Alejandro Malaspina, leader of the Spanish politico-scientific voyage to the Pacific Northwest coast in 1791, was so impressed with the ability to make beer from pine needles that he wrote to the Spanish Royal Navy, "a useful method learned of making beer from pine needles which we called *Sapineta,* the same as the French." [10] He undoubtedly added lots of sugar for Malaspina strongly believed in the antiscorbutic powers of sugar. So did Cook for that matter. Alas, they were both wrong.

On the other hand, John Boit, an American officer, had to make his crew drink the brew. "Make the people use Spruce tea, boiled from the boughs we took on board, for that purpose and although not very palatable, I believe is an excellent antiscorbutic."[11] And John Meares reported that he "made a decoction of the latter [juice of the pine tree] which was extremely nauseous, and very difficult, though very much diluted, to keep on the stomach . . ."[12] Boit and Meares apparently were making the beer without allowing it to ferment and without sugar or rum.

Cook and the other Northwest maritime explorers left no specific recipes for producing spruce-beer but fortunately for us, others left detailed instructions. In 1752, **The Gentleman's Magazine** and **Historical Chronicle**, an English publication printed a Dutch and French method for preparing spruce-beer. The recipes give us clues to many versions of this popular beverage. The Northwest coopers, I am almost certain, added their own special techniques and flavorings.

In The Dutch method, "Two hands of cuttings of the pine" were added to twelve gallons of water. After the mixture cooled, yeast and sugar were added. "In order to take away the resinous taste put a pound of sugar amongst it,"[13] suggested the eighteenth century cook.

The beer was stored in hogsheads (very large casks) or barrels. The author of the article described it as ". . . clean and brown like common beer, has an agreeable taste, and when pour'd out of a bottle into a glass mantles like ale . ."[14]

The French, on the other hand, added pine cones and roasted grains or bread to their brew of cuttings and water. They believed that the cones contained a gum which made the beer more nourishing, and that the roasted grains made the beer more palatable as well as more nourishing. The bread also gave the beer a brownish color like malt. Indian corn and barley were the best, but rye and wheat would do.[15]

After the boiling process ". . . the liquor is poured into a vessel thro'd a sieve of hair clothe, to prevent the burnt bread and corn from mixing with it. Then some sirrup is put into the wort to make it palatable, and to take away the taste which the gum of the tree might leave behind."[16] In 24 hours the beer was ready to drink.

Spruce-beer continued to be popular until around the 1850s. Although rather than take a chance on finding the proper pine trees, explorers either included essense of spruce among their staples or else purchased it from the trading posts that were beginning to appear. The essence was a concentrated blend of spruce cuttings and was put up in bottles. Directions for making spruce-beer were included as noted by Ross Cox, an early Northwest explorer. "I brought from Ft. George a few bottles of essence of spruce, and by following the printed directions made excellent beer, which in the warm weather I found a delightful and healthy beverage."[17]

Fortunately for the forests and future generations, spruce-beer finally lost its popularity. As the age of exploration ended, scurvy was no longer a problem. There was no need to make a quick "medicine." Also, the settlers arrived with new and better brewing methods. And commercial breweries were beginning to sell beer. The **First Northwest Beer** would only be preserved in history books.

* * * * * * * *

This Seattle based author has written five books on how to eat well with a healthful diet, and she specializes in Northwest food history, much of which has been published by the Washington Historical Society.

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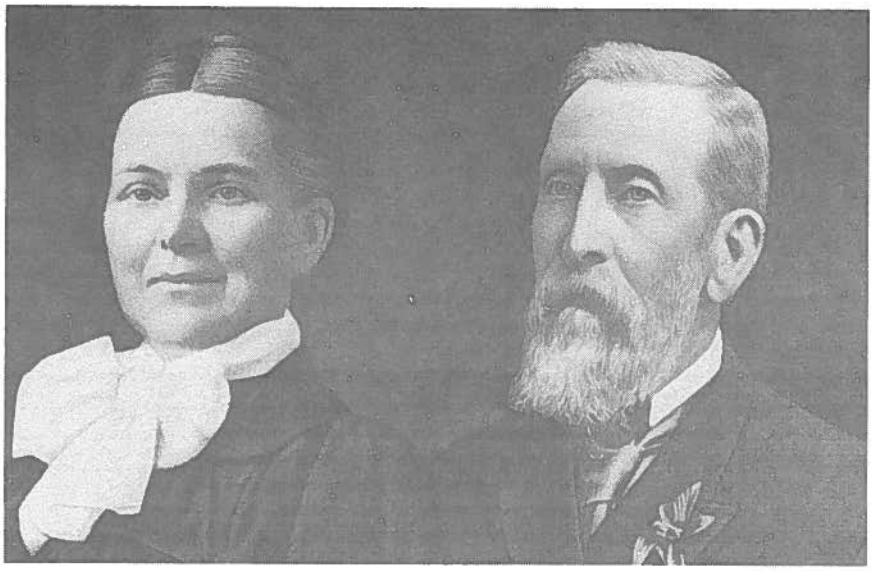
From Grain to Golf:
The Historic McCleery Farm

by Leonard Meyers



Mary McCleery *Fitzgerald McCleery*

photo courtesy of City of Vancouver Archives

Today golfers on the McCleery Golf Course shout "Fore!" Over a hundred years ago, Fitzgerald McCleery might have said to his young daughter Theodora, "Go fetch the cows – and mind the manure."

It is interesting to speculate how many golfers, young, middle-aged and older realize, as they play the lush fairways, that they're treading on one of the most historic pieces of real estate in what is now the city of Vancouver – the historic old McCleery farm at the foot of Macdonald Street overlooking the north fork of the north arm of the Fraser River.

It took some 70 years after the arrival of Captain George Vancouver in 1792 and his subsequent explorations around Point Grey and Burrard Inlet before white settlers began to arrive. Two of the more familiar settlers were the McCleery brothers, Fitzgerald and Samuel, and later John. Originally the two young brothers left Northern Ireland, arriving in what is now Vancouver via the Panama Isthmus to seek their fortune in the Cariboo gold fields. But the bonanza gold largely eluded them. But returning to Ireland was not on their agenda. They soon saw the potential and promise in this favored corner of the new world.

Instead, they joined their uncle Hugh McRoberts who, on the 24th of April, 1862, had pre-empted 160 acres of land on the north side of the north fork of the Fraser River opposite Sea Island (known as McRoberts Island at the time).

On the 26th of September, 1862, McRoberts transferred his land to Fitzgerald McCleery, and on the following day Samuel McCleery took up an adjoining 160 acres. The McCleery brothers set about and built a small cabin on the Fitzgerald farm not far from the banks of the Fraser River. The modest little home was to become the popular centre of communal life in the new district for its sparse settlers.

In this cabin the first divine service was held. A wash basin served as the collection plate. It was affectionately referred to as St. Patrick's Cathedral, and it was used as a school after 1873 when the McCleerys built a much larger farmhouse on higher ground below the present South West Marine Drive and east of Macdonald Street. Then, in 1882 another wing was added making it even larger.

The new farmhouse was the first substantial building to be erected within the present city of Vancouver. It was demolished, despite many protests, in 1956. The new house was a rambling, two-story structure with a wide verandah, dormer windows, and it also served, in its heyday, as a way-station for dignitaries travelling from Victoria to New Westminster – the capital of B.C. at the time – and for meeting settlers farming around Ladner (Eburne) on Sea Island, such as Hugh Magee, William Shannon, William Catchpole, Henry Mole, and Mr. Gariepy in the early 1860s.

The McCleery brothers also built the first road, or trail, best described as a bridle path, from their farms to New Westminster. Referring to the wooded trail hacked out laboriously with axes, machetes, etc., an entry in the McCleery diary read: "Measured trail, May 1st, 1863, upon completion."

The trail was wide enough for a horse to pass. But not adequate enough to accomodate a buggy over rough terrain, and lacked bridges over creeks and

ravines. It was later named River Road. Today this major thoroughfare is known as South West and South East Marine Drive. It still winds around largely following the original alignment laid out by the McCleery brothers without benefit of a land surveyor through dense forests, underbursh and uneven terrain, a major undertaking with primitive hand tools and a horse for the heavy work.

Fitzgerald McCleery and his wife Mary had two daughters, Theodora (later Mrs. Harry Logan), and a younger one, Margaret Elizabeth who was to become Mrs. Robert Mackie and who lived for years on the old farm almost until the historic farmhouse was demolished in 1956.

Mr. Logan, on the other hand, lived for years in the second McCleery house situated north-east of the old one in the vicinity of present day McCleery Park at 49th avenue and Marine Crescent. It was built in 1891. It overlooked the new McCleery Golf Course, the Fraser and the Vancouver International Airport across the River. It was Mrs. Logan who, after World War Two decided not to let the historic old family farm be subdivided and covered with residential subdivisions. She sold the farm to the City of Vancouver with the stipulation that the Vancouver Parks Board would build a public golf course on the land for the future benefit and enjoyment of the people of Vancouver and, at the same time, preserve the heritage of the historic farm and the McCleery name for posterity.

And once again the McCleery farm became a centre of communal and recreational life for the citizens of Vancouver.

There arose an interesting sidelight to the sale of the old farm and farmhouse to the City of Vancouver. The two McCleery daughters, Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Mackie were great friends of the late city archivist Major J.S. Matthews. Mrs. Mackie, on one occasion, brought the Major a large bouquet of tulips, forget-me-nots and lilacs, all grown on the McCleery farm.

Mr. Matthews was very historically minded, especially where the McCleery settlers and farm were concerned. The McCleery brothers were considered the first settlers and farmers in the area, and Matthews envisioned the large McCleery farmhouse to be restored and turned into a museum similar to the Irving House in New Westminster.

But he was thwarted. The Parks Board was aware of the Major's plan. It had instructions to convert the farm into a public golf course in accordance with the McCleery family's wishes, and sent a bulldozer in the dead of night to demolish the historic old house to make way for a fairway while Matthews slept.

Next morning, when Mr. Matthews became aware of what had transpired in the night, he was livid and denounced the nocturnal knock-down in a letter to city council as "wanton, wicked vandalism!"

In lieu of a McCleery museum, a collection of historic McCleery artifacts and memorabilia is on display at the Vancouver Museum on Chestnut Street.

Years earlier, the McCleery brothers had reclaimed all the land contained in the golf course from the Fraser River. It was approximately five feet below sea level at high tide. They demolished beaver dams which tended to flood their land; and the McCleerys were the first settlers in the district to resort to dyking in order to reclaim and farm their land. They erected farm buildings, carried out fencing, and generally prepared the land for growing produce, crops, raising livestock, etc.

Today a modern system of dyking, dredging and pumping keeps the north fork of the Fraser from inundating the golf course. There are also drainage ditches adjacent to the course, the bane of errant golfers who lose golf balls in the murky waters in the ditches.

This is a far cry from the early days on the farm when Theodora went to school and, in fact, elsewhere, from her home in the "Garden of Eden", as the original farmstead was jocularly referred to, via a small boat when flooding occured.

Fitzgerald McCleery evidently owned the first horse in the district. He noted in his diary, "The Frenchman got the horse." No other details. Was it a swap? Or a purchase? Or a gambling debt?

The McCleery brothers also acquired cattle which they brought in from Oregon and landed at Steveston. The first butter churned in what is now Vancouver came from their Oregon-bought cows. They also owned the first dog in the comunity and called it – you guessed it – "Fido."

Apart from the McCleery name perpetuated in the golf course, to further commemorate the early pioneer family and their historic farm, a small triangular park at 49th Avenue and Marine Crescent is also named after them. On a large boulder mere feet from the south side of 49th is affixed a bronze plaque which bears the following inscription:

> **McCLEERY PARK.** This park which marks the N.E. corner of the Fitzgerald McCleery farm is dedicated to the McCleery brothers, Fitzgerald, Samuel, and John. The land was

Historic McCleery farmhouse at 6750 Macdonald demolished in 1956. – photo courtesy of City of Vancouver Archives

pre-empted September 26, 1862 and farmed until 1956. The homesteader cabin and later family homes were centres of pioneer community life. This monument erected in 1985 by the Kerrisdale Historical Society and Friends.

Alongside is a cement flagpole base with the inscription McCleery on one side, which appears to indicate that the second McCleery house was, at one time, situated nearby.

Also between the golf clubhouse and the putting green there were constructed two symbolic stone parapets, one bearing a bronze plaque commemorating the original pioneer family and their farm. It reads:

> These stones from the foundation of the old McCleery farmhouse mark an historic site. Near here in 1862 the first cabin was built by Fitzgerald McCleery and Samuel McCleery Irish imigrants. The golf course, opened in 1959 is dedicated to the original farmstead.

A short two-block long street one block west of Macdonald Street, between 45th and 49th also bears the pioneer McCleery name. But very few who traverse it, one can be sure, have any idea who McCleery was after whom it was named.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Leonard Meyers is a freelance writer who has sold several hundred articles and sketches to over thirty newspapers and magazines. He has been a resident of Vancouver most of his life, except for five years in the Royal Canadian Navy.

The Sinclair Party of 1841

by Richard Mackie

In November 1839 Governor George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company instructed Duncan Finlayson, governor of the company's settlement of Assiniboia (Red River), to assemble a party of Scottish and French Metis to emigrate to the Columbia River. Simpson had two main reasons for doing so. First, he hoped to strengthen the company's – and by extension the British – presence on the Columbia in the years before the settlement of the Oregon boundary. Second, he hoped to create an overflow valve for Red River's rapidly-growing population, which in 1837 Simpson placed at about 5000. These people put a great strain on the company's provisions, particularly pemmican and other buffalo products.

By the spring of 1841 Finlayson had put together a party of twenty-three men, twenty-two women, and seventy-five children for the crossing. Led by James Sinclair, they left Fort Garry on 3 June 1841 and reached Fort Vancouver by the end of October. They travelled via Whiteman Pass and Sinclair Pass, and descended to Lake Windermere and Canal Flats.

A precise list of the heads of households has been located in the Hudson's Bay Company's Archives in Winnipeg, and is published here for the first time in full detail.

"List of Emigrants for the Columbia."

1	Henry Buxton	1 Wife,	1 Child
2	James Birston	1 Wife,	3 Children
3	John Cunningham	1 Wife,	1 Child
4	John Tait	–	–
5	Julien Bernier	1 Wife,	2 Stout Boys
6	Horatio Calder	1 Wife,	7 Children some grown up
7	William Flett	1 Mother	4 Children
8	John Spence	1 Wife	4 Children
9	James Flett	1 Wife	4 Children
10	John Flett	1 Wife	2 Children
11	David Flett	1 Wife	1 Child, [one of the dec'd Jno Bird]
12	Joseph Klyne	1 Wife	–
13	Toussaint Joyal	1 Wife	4 Children
14	Francois Gagnon	1 Wife	5 Children
15	Bapte Rhelle	1 Wife	1 Child
16	Pierre St. Germain	1 Wife	5 Children
17	Charles McKay	1 Wife	4 Children
18	Francois Jacques	1 Wife	4 Children
19	Alexr Birston	1 Wife	4 Children
20	Gonraque Zastre	1 Wife	6 Children Trapper
21	Pierre Larocque	1 Wife	3 Children
22	Louis Larocque	1 Wife	3 Children
23	Archd Spence	1 Wife	7 Children

In November 1841 Chief Factor James Douglas led these emigrants north from Fort Vancouver to the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company's farms at Fort Nisqually and at Cowlitz. (The PSAC was the Hudson's Bay Company's agricultural affiliate or subsidiary). Within months, however, some of these settlers had left Cowlitz and Nisqually for the fertile valley of the Willamette River, a tributary of the Columbia south of Fort Vancouver. By the summer of 1843 all but five of the Red River migrants had settled in the Willamette, attracted by the superior agricultural land and by the presence of an established Metis community. Most of these overlanders remained in the Willamette and became American citizens.

This list of members of the first overland migration in British territory will be of interest to social historians and genealogists. A list of members of James Sinclair's second overland party of 1854 was published in the **Washington Historical Quarterly** in 1916.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Richard Mackie is a graduate student in the history department at the University of British Columbia.

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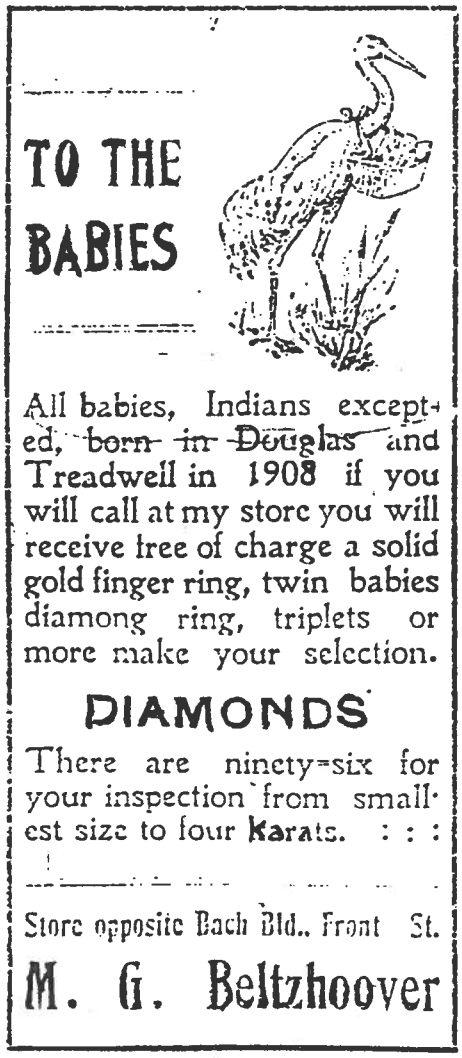
Citizens and Indians:
Atlin, British Columbia and Juneau, Alaska

by Chad James Mitcham

In the early day in the gold mining towns of Atlin, British Columbia and Juneau, Alaska it was an accepted fact that the recently-established white residents were citizens and the longtime residents, the native people, were not. That this was so, is underlined by numerous statements which appeared in the newspapers of the day in both communities. Some of the references to the difference in status of the two groups are blunt: others are subtle. Studied together, however, they provide us with interesting and sometimes shocking insights into the accepted relationship between whites and Indians at this time in these settlements in the Pacific northwest.

The two neighboring (by northern standards) communities chosen for this study – one Canadian, one American – are seventy-five air miles apart, and both were founded on the gold which was mined nearby. Both had adjacent Indian towns inhabited by Tlingits (mostly of the Taku tribe). Therefore, it is clear that there are certain basic similarities. Some of the differences, brought out in the paper, can be attributed to the differences between Canadian and American laws.

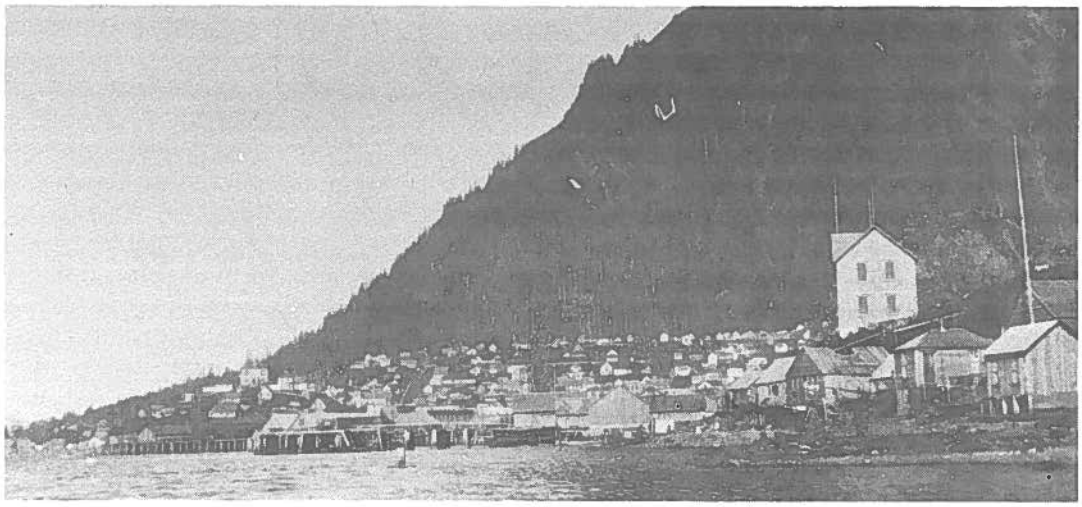
Among the blunt and obvious mentions of the gulf between citizens and Indians are comments such as the following: "Citizens and Indians enjoyed themselves to the fullest mark" (in **The Atlin Claim's** account of Coronation Day sports in 1902), [1] and the headline in **The Douglas Island News** in 1907: "CANADA'S ONLY INDIAN CITIZEN: Skookum Jim, Klondike Discoverer, Rewarded by Government, Takes Advantage of his Freedom." [2] This same Alaska newspaper ran the following advertisement in 1908. [3]



In Juneau at and shortly after the turn of the century the white population numbered no more than 3,000 whereas the Tlingit Indians in the vicinity were estimated at 5,000 to 6,000. The fact that white settlers were so outnumbered by the Native population should be accepted as a major shaping factor in Juneau's subsequently repressive policies and prejudicial climate. As a minority, the whites of Juneau sought to consolidate power by policies that were directed towards suppression and assimilation of Native Tlingit Indians. In pursuing this policy of 'directed acculturation' Natives were denied rights that are fundamental to the American bill of rights – to life, liberty and freedom.

It had been the Natives who, in search of supplemental material gain, put up their tents near the new white community – moving from their traditional villages up the Taku River and along the nearby sea coast. Soon after establishing their new village, these aboriginal inhabitants were informed by white newcomers that they had no rights to the land or the gold that was being extracted.[4] During the late 1880s the strict policy of assimilation or 'directed acculturation' used by American legislators was in response to the perceived threat to the white minority by the Tlingit majority. Nevertheless, as late as 1904, according to the Alaska Geographic Society's research, Chief John of the Taku tribe was told that he did not enjoy squatter's rights to a tract of land on the waterfront within the corporate boundary of Juneau, which he had occupied only after the town was established (in 1880-81). Appeals to the Land Office and Congress upheld the ruling. [5] It is somewhat ironic that the much cherished American ideals of equality and rugged individualism were, apparently, legally impossible for the Tlingit of Juneau.

Juneau was the base from which the Atlin gold strike (in 1898) was launched, [6] and, as had been the case in Juneau, Tlingit Indians set up a camp alongside the new white community almost at once. One difference, however, between the situations in the two gold-based communities was that in



Juneau, Alaska 1897. photo courtesy Alaska State Historical Library.

Atlin whites far outnumbered the native people. There were reckoned to be some 5,000 whites, [7] and only about 80 Indians. Thus, in Atlin the white community did not feel threatened to the degree that whites in Juneau did, and they were, consequently, more tolerant. Moreover, in Atlin, because the gold was at first extracted by placer mining, Indian labor was not needed or used as it was in Juneau.

In Atlin's early days the Indian population seems to have been generally ignored. The newspaper, **The Claim**, focuses on almost every other topic. By and large, the native people seem to be considered only in a general way, as vague and incomprehensible impediments to the 'march of civilization'.

A few short years ago Atlin was an unknown and silent land, peopled by a few stray Indians . . . Today the lakes and streams are highways of industry. The mountains resound to the echo of the blast, pick and shovel . . . This is progress and the march of civilization. [8]

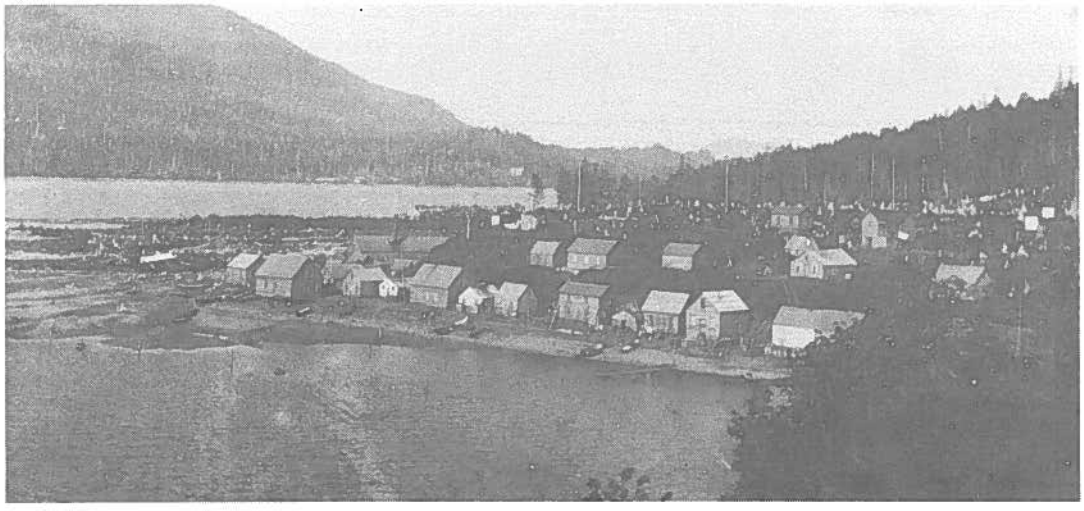
Since in Atlin there is no evidence of the Tlingit Indians being employed in any of the mining ventures, very few of the native people's comings and goings are recorded. When they are, however, names are not usually mentioned. For instance, in the "Local Events" column of **The Atlin Claim** for October 20, 1906, the reader is told that "some Indian hunters have arrived in town." No names are given here, though there are scores of instances over the years when returning white hunters are named. Similarly, in the same newspaper (October 20, 1906) "four Taku Indians" are listed among the new arrivals in town. They are the only people on the list not identified by their names.

Since the native people were not regarded as citizens in either Atlin or Juneau, they were often seen by whites as quaint curiosities – rarely as 'real' human beings like themselves. Such an attitude is everywhere apparent in the Atlin and Juneau papers. For example, in August 1899, according to **The Douglas Island News**, a white woman, Mrs. Elmer E. Smith, went to Juneau's Indian Town to take pictures. She wanted to capture a Native boy on film, but he ran away. Angry at being foiled, Mrs. Smith ran after him, caught and shook him and ordered him "in a savage tone" to stand still. The frightened boy now did as he was told, and Mrs. Smith got "a picture of fright and despair which she cherished." [9]

In August 1900 a band of Teslin Indians – inland Tlingits, like their Atlin cousins – walked into Atlin along the Teslin-Atlin trail to shop. The correspondent for **The Atlin Claim** noted that "the bucks displayed on their manly persons some fine examples of embroidered buckskin suits," [10] and that "money seems to be very plentiful in the gang." The women accompanying the "bucks" were referred to as "squaws", which, although a word of Algonquian Indian origin, in whites' terminology usually is used in a disparaging sense.

When citizens of Atlin and Juneau did not view the Tlingits in the adjoining Indian villages merely as quaint and colorful anachronisms, they tended to focus on those Natives who had brushed with the law because of alcohol abuse.

In Canada, during the period under discussion, only citizens were allowed to buy liquor. Indians were forbidden to do so. When they did, names of both the Indians who bought the liquor and the whites who sold it to them appeared on



Indian Town near Juneau, 1897. photo courtesy Alaska State Historical Library.

court records and frequently in the newspapers as well. Typical of such reports is the following, taken from **The Atlin Claim** of August 4, 1906.

In The Police Court

Johnnie Anderson and Charlie Jackson, Teslin and Telegraph Creek Indians, respectively, appeared before Magistrate Fraser Monday morning on a charge of having been drunk and created a disturbance at Discovery [seven miles from Atlin on Pine Creek] on Saturday last. The charge was proven and Anderson, whose second offense this was, was fined $25 and $6.50 costs, while Jackson paid a fine of $10 and $5.

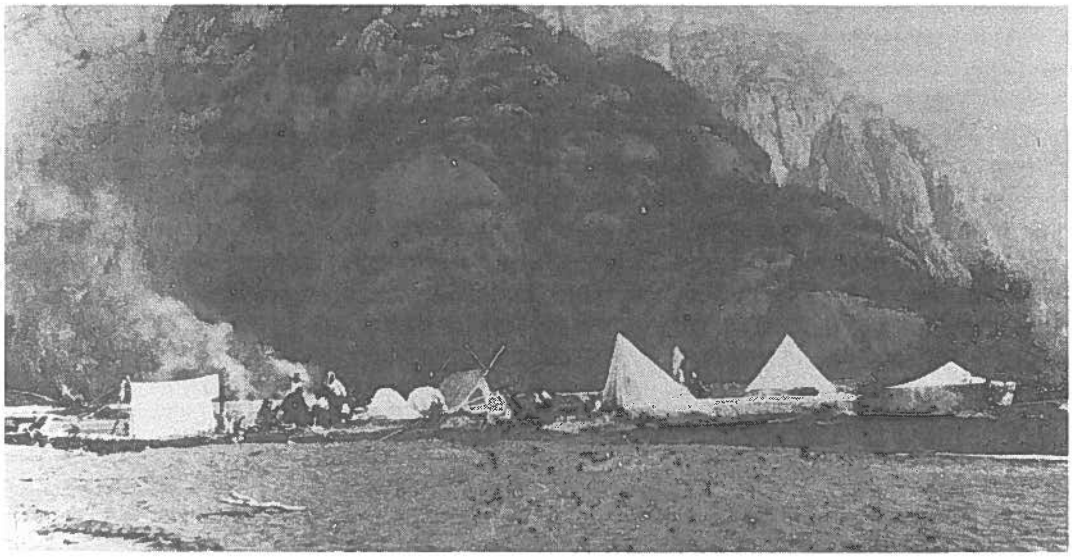
Jas. Clark, proprietor of the Half-Way House, appeared the same day on a charge of having sold intoxicating liquor to the above Indians, and, pleading guilty, was ordered to pay a fine of $100 and $6.50 costs.

The liquor laws were different in Alaska than in Canada for the period 1899 to 1908. According to the Alaska Geographic Society, it was not until 1909 that an Act of Congress was approved which made selling intoxicating liquors to natives of Alaska a felony. There were many unpleasant episodes caused by the unlimited amounts of alcohol dispensed amongst Juneau's Tlingits. One of these is recorded in **The Douglas Island News** of April 4, 1900. The article is entitled "He Sought Vengeance" and is a description of a drunken fight in Indian Town.

This was not an isolated instance. Indeed, glaciologist Muir's contention that the Tlingits had been nearly "whiskied out of existence" by the time he visited the vicinity of Juneau and the mouth of the Taku River in 1880, [11] is substantiated by the horrifying statistics published in **The Douglas Island News** on March 28, 1900. The article is entitled "Indians Are Passing Away" and draws attention to the fact that "deaths last year exceeded births by 25%." The article was based on the annual reports by Indian agents, who reported to the commissioner of Indian Affairs. The statistics pertained to all Alaska. The reader can also see that assimilation of the native Indians of Juneau and elsewhere was a definite goal of white administrators. Indian agents reported that:

The entire Indian population is 297,905 of which number 95,679 wear citizens' dress, while 31,923 wear a mixture of Indian and civilized clothing . . . Those who can read number 42,597 and 53,314 can carry on an ordinary conversation in English. There are 25,236 dwelling houses built for Indians . . . The number of Indian criminals punished was 1,469 . . . .

Tlingits in Juneau, until the serious and dramatic decline of their population soon after the turn of the century, were without a doubt victims of repressive legislation and racism. From 1880 to 1900, their overwhelming population numbers, in comparison to the white minority, had, it seems, led to repressive legislation in these first twenty years of the existence of this city. Although in Atlin, the sparse numbers of Tlingits led to more tolerance for the native people than in Juneau, there seems never to have been an assumption by whites that the native people were their equals. In both communities, despite their positive contributions – such as guiding miners,



Taku River Indian Camp 1897. photo courtesy Alaska State Historical Library.

Atlin Indians outside crow house (about 1918) photo courtesy Brian Burke – Atlin Historical Society.

surveyors, and hunters, as well as bringing in to market constant and reasonably priced game, fish and berries – the Tlingit Indians received little credit.

It would appear, then, that, no matter what sort of effort the Tlingit residents of Atlin's Indian Village and Juneau's Indian Town made to be good citizens, they remained on the sidelines – excluded from the public schools [12] and most of the other institutions used regularly by whites. Even when their contributions were heroic, these contributions tended to be reported in brackets and the heroic individuals unnamed. For instance, in a devastating fire in Atlin when, according to the headlines of the **Claim** of June 3, 1905 – "Atlin Had a Narrow Escape from Total Destruction" – the Indians' contribution is reported thus: "Needless to say, everybody in the town (including all the men from the Indian village) worked hard and stayed at it."

In **The Douglas Island News** of March 14, 1900, there is a lengthy account of an Indian woman's heroism during a fire in Juneau's Indian Town which seemed likely to spread to the white community and threaten the hospital. The woman is not named. The reader is told, however, how she took command of the situation and gave warning (in Tlingit) that the white community's hospital was in danger. (The fire, by the way, as the reporter stated, was so out of control because the city water works did not extend to the Indian settlement.)

As a result of this woman's actions, the Douglas Island newspaper a week later reported that the Indians were "just like white people"! From this comment, one can only conclude that the reporter had never thought so before – and clearly conceived of this as a new point of view for the majority of his white readers as well. Only very gradually over the ensuing years did more white citizens adopt this view.

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Chad Mitchum is a native of New Brunswick who lived and worked in Atlin, B.C. for over a year. This paper was prepared while he was studying for his M.A. in History at the University of Saskatchewan.

NOTES

1. **The Atlin Claim**, August 16, 1902.
2. **The Douglas Island News**, May 8, 1907.
3. Ibid., August 26, 1908.
4. Drucker, Philip, **Cultures of the North Pacific Coast**. San Francisco, Chandler Publishing Company, 1965, p. 215.
5. **Alaska's Native People**, The Alaska Geographic Society, Vol. 6, No. 3, Anchorage, Alaska, 1979, p. 292.
6. For a full account of this discovery see W.W. Bilsland's article, "Atlin, 1898-1910: The Story of a Gold Boom," **British Columbia Historical Quarterly**, Vol. 16, No B-4, 1952, pp. 125-129.
7. Ibid.
8. **The Atlin Claim**, September 3, 1904.
9. **The Douglas Island News**, August 2, 1899.
10. **The Atlin Claim**, August 11, 1900.
11. Muir, John **Travels in Alaska**, Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1915.
12. In the course of his reminiscences in **The Cassiar Courier** (Vol. 1, No. 3, January 1977), Johnnie Taku Jack mentioned being excluded from Atlin's public school when a church school, run by an Oblate priest, Father Allard, closed about a year after it had opened. This left Johnnie Jack with, he said, the equivalent of a grade three education. What happened to Johnnie Jack, of course, happened to his classmates as well.
In the Juneau/Douglas district, Native schools, mostly run by the Presbyterian Church, seemed less threatened with closure (since it must be remembered that the American Community was a more established one than its neighboring Canadian counterpart). In February 1900 **The Douglas Island News** reported that in the "Native School" there were students of all ages: one woman of about fifty-five, two girls of twenty, one of eighteen, one of thirty-five – as well as a "large attendance of scholars between eight and fifteen years of both sexes." However, supposedly because these church schools existed, the Indian children in Juneau, as in Atlin, were not allowed into the ordinary public schools. According to the Alaska Geographical Society researchers (in the table of significant dates in the Native People's history at the back of the book on **Alaska's Native People**) in 1902 "school boards of the public schools at Juneau and Ketchikan refused to admit Native Children on the grounds that Native schools were available to them."

CHEMAINUS MEMORIAL

ERECTED BY: Japanese Canadian Redress Foundation; District of North Cowichan Municipal Office; St. Michael's Anglican Church; B.C. Jodo Shinshu Buddhist Churches Federation; Families of the Deceased, concerned individuals and groups; Japanese Canadian Memorial Monument Committee.

The cemetery monument is centred by a plaque which discretely describes the demolition of the Japanese portion of the cemetery. "In 1942, shortly after the outbreak of the Second World War in the Pacific theatre, all persons of Japanese origin were forcibly removed from the west coast of British Columbia. Shortly after this there was a desecration in this cemetery. All Japanese gravestones and other markers were removed by person(s) unknown. Although nothing was done about this at the time, of late some of the gravestones have been found. These have been incorporated into this monument which is dedicated to the memory of the Canadians, and others, of Japanese origin who were buried in this place."

"Silver Thaw" – Fraser Valley's Paralysis of Ice

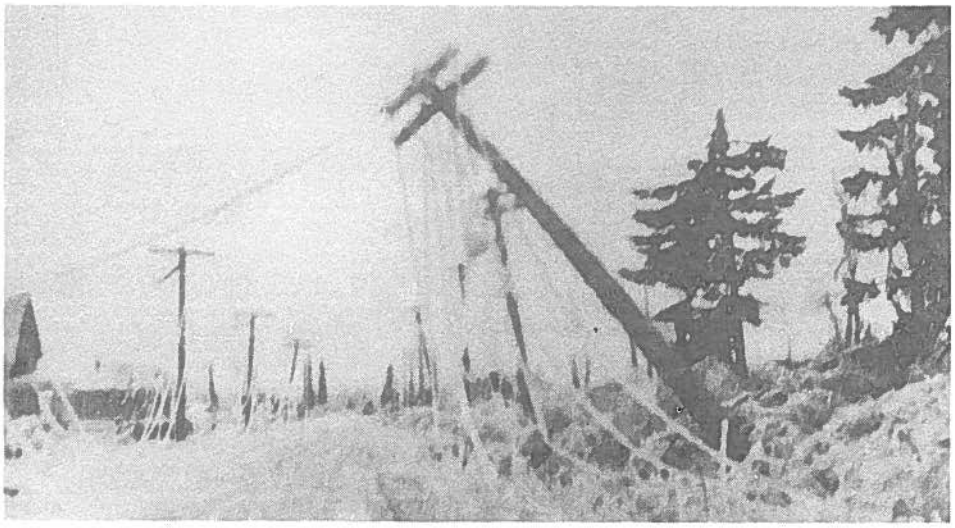
by Helen Borrell

"Trees, power lines and roofs crashed down; pistol and cannon-like sounds accompanied the crashing and the freed ice-sheaths. It was like a battlefield, with crashing transformers providing awesome fireworks displays."

Thus Murdo Maclachlan, of Chilliwack, B.C., described the ice storm which, in the last week of January, 1935, paralyzed Vancouver and the Lower Fraser Valley.

Through January, 56 years ago, the climate of the normally mild Pacific Northwest plunged to nearly zero, Fahrenheit. "Ice Breakers in Fraser" was the headline of **The Vancouver Sun**, on Friday, January 18, 1935. Next day: "Coldest Weather in 26 Years; 4.3°F in Vancouver." On that Saturday, an unknown enemy – a blizzard – barraged the Lower Mainland. During Sunday, "according to E.B. Shearman, local Dominion meteorologist, the greatest accumulation" (of snow) "for a short period, in 38 years" [1] closed streets and roads. In the country, some snow piles became solid ice. In Vancouver, on Monday, street cars were marooned; some duty-conscious employees trudged laboriously to their jobs in stores and offices, and all Monday night 400 B.C. Electric employees shovelled snow and managed to get most of the city's street railways open. On Monday, B.C. Electric officials requested the public to "do your cooking after 6 P.M.". Power lines from two central electric power plants had collapsed, and repair crews could not get to them, through the snow drifts. But, during Monday night, "Miraculously, two circuits came back, righting themselves as they cleared their weight of snow. Gangs were able to get out to the scene of the trouble, . . . though horses and sleighs were forced to replace the usual motor trucks."

Such are the "average person's" emergency reserves of community spirit. "Girl Heroines of Storm" were Vancouver's telephone operators. When the Monday morning shift girls were tramping for miles through the snow-clogged streets, the Sunday night shift stayed overtime, coping with a hurricane of calls. The phone company chiefs brought free meals and found hotel rooms for those who could not get home conveniently. Phone service was maintained within Vancouver; but long distance calls, as well as out-of-town train service, had been paralyzed by the disaster in the Fraser Valley.



Frost sheathed power lines and branches near Chilliwack, January 1935 – photo courtesy of Chilliwack Archives

"Silver thaw Marching on the Coast; Huge Loss Already from Storm. 'Silver Thaw' Brings down all Wires. Deep Drifts Block Roads." Those were the headlines of **The Vancouver Sun**, Tuesday, January 22, 1935. "Chilliwack Isolated", a city unto itself. "Light, Power, Transport and Communication Services Disrupted; City a Tangled Mass of Poles and Wires as Ice Causes Breakdown." That was the headline of the **Chilliwack Progress**, (a weekly), on January 24, 1935.

The rain which flooded down during Monday, January 21, froze before reaching the ground, and covered everything with ice sheaths which thickened until telephone and electric power wires, orchard trees, and many roofs – mostly barns, garages and storage sheds collapsed from the weight. This was the "silver thaw", truly a battlefield, as Murdo Maclachlan called it.

The Fraser Valley's electricity was gone; so was its contact with the outside - no telephone or telegraph service, no trains or B.C. Electric Interurban; snow banks and dangerously slippery ice on the town streets; and the farms (which then covered most of the Valley) were imprisoned by the roads' barricades of snow and ice.

Luckily, farmers always have to be more self-sufficient than city folks. "Storm's Fury Cannot Break Valley Spirit" a **Vancouver Province** writer reported, after a trip on January 23. Fraser Valley farmers, he said, stock up their fuel supply in the autumn. But that

winter put the old woodpile to a severe test; many farmers had to cut more fuel. Most of them had a good store of fruit, vegetables, flour and meat. However, Murdo Maclachlan recalled, it took nearly a week to get the main roads plowed, so that horse-drawn sleighs could haul supplies. He was a teacher at Chilliwack Elementary School, and stayed in town during the weekend of the blizzard. On Tuesday, for four exhausting hours, he slogged the five miles to the farm where he lived with his mother, brother and sister. "Every few yards I would slip on the icy surface, or crash through the sheath and have to clamber up again . . . I arrived home to find everyone safe, warm and comfortable." This was true of many farm families, because they used coal, wood or sawdust; very few depended on oil, gas or electric stoves. Radios were battery operated. So the destruction of the electric power lines, though it caused great inconvenience, didn't freeze these self-contained farms. Folks had to be resourceful!

Mrs. Betty Rogers, a member of the Chilliwack Museum and Historical Society, was six years old at the time of the 1935 ice storm, and her family of six people lived 1-1/2 miles east of Sardis, Fraser Valley. Their large house had a living-room fireplace and a wood and coal range in the kitchen. In a hard winter, such as 1935, we put a little kerosene heater upstairs in the bathroom to keep the pipes from freezing, and a wood and coal heater. That 1935 winter we moved beds, cots, etc. down into the dining-room, shut off all but the kitchen, and 'camped out' in there. A mad dash up the frigid stairs to the semi-warm bathroom was an adventure in itself.

"We were running out of coal-oil for the lamps, so my father bundled up one morning, took the coal-oil cans in hand, and set out over the fields for Edenbank, in Sardis. What a trip! Not only drifts but also the thick crest of ice which broke through as he trudged over the snow. He returned cold and exhausted, but with the necessary supplies."

"I have never forgotten Bob McEachren, who usually collected the milk cans from the farms by truck, coming right across the fields, over drift-covered fences and all, with the milk cans on a 'stone-boat' (flat, wooden, heavy sled used for hauling stones from fields) pulled by a big, white work horse! He made sure the milk got delivered."

Its trucks grounded, the Valley Milk Producers Association could not collect the milk. The dairy farmers poured what they could into bathtubs and other containers, skimmed off the cream, and had to throw the surplus milk away.

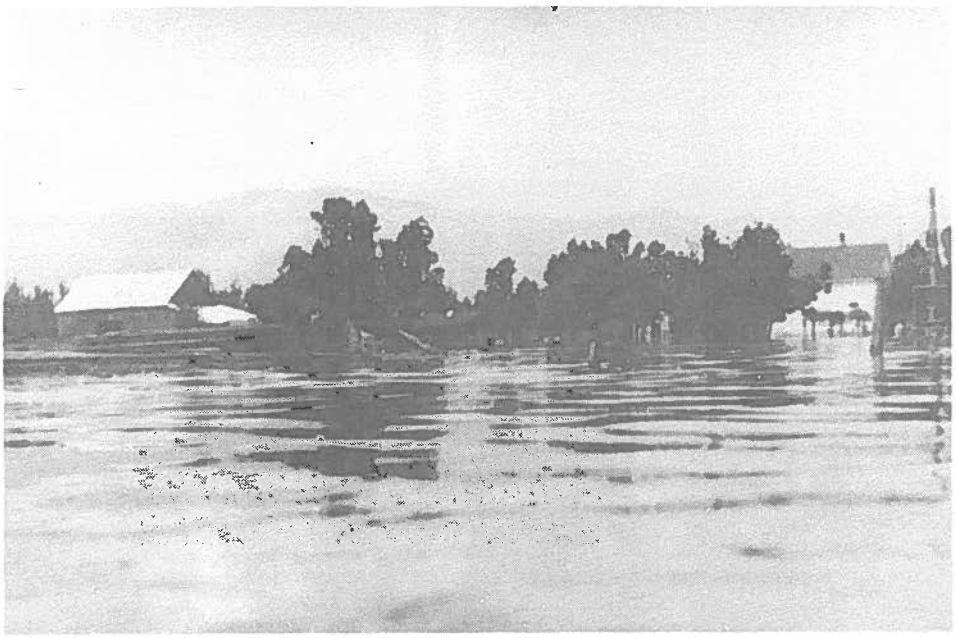
Fruit growers saw the loads of ice tear down branches in their orchards, some of which were permanently damaged. Ice-burdened roofs of barns, garages and storage sheds collapsed; but before they could start the long, wearisome repairs, farmers faced a new, immediate emergency.

"January Wettest Month Ever" (in Vancouver's history) – **Vancouver Sun** front page, January 24, 1935. More rain had fallen since the "6.49 inches of rain; 18.5 inches of snow" announced on Wednesday. The melting ice and snow were flooding the Fraser Valley; some dairy farmers were milking their cows from rowboats. Friday's and Saturday's warm Chinook winds ended the deep freeze – and brought floods.

"Sumas Reclamation Area Becomes Lake Once More when Flood Waters Rise" – **Chilliwack Progress**, January 31, 1935. In 1926, Sumas Lake had been drained, to provide about 30,000 acres of fertile farmland, to which settlers came in the next few years. In the disastrous week of January 21, 1935, blizzards volleyed snow across the U.S. boundary, piling it against the Nooksack dyking system in Washington. When it thawed, the deluge broke these dykes and backed up across Sumas Prairie, on which water was also rushing through its broken north side dykes. On Saturday morning a washout threw down a B.C. Electric 34,000-volt power line and put the Sumas Pumping Station out of action.

The **Chilliwack Progress** reported: "Line foreman Bruce Gleig and his crew . . . drove their truck as far out onto the flooded highway as was possible, procured a boat, and set about the hazardous task of stringing a rope across the washout, through which the water was running at terrific speed. On the second attempt the crew got the rope across, and then succeeded in repairing the power line." The staff of the **Progress** deserved great praise for keeping everyone informed, despite their own electric failure. They took turns in pumping a long disused foot treadle press, on which the compositors laboriously set type by hand, letter by letter, working under gasoline lamps.

Bruce Dixon, Dyking Commissioner for Sumas, directed the mass refugeeing of the settlers, from Friday midnight all through the dark early morning of Sat-



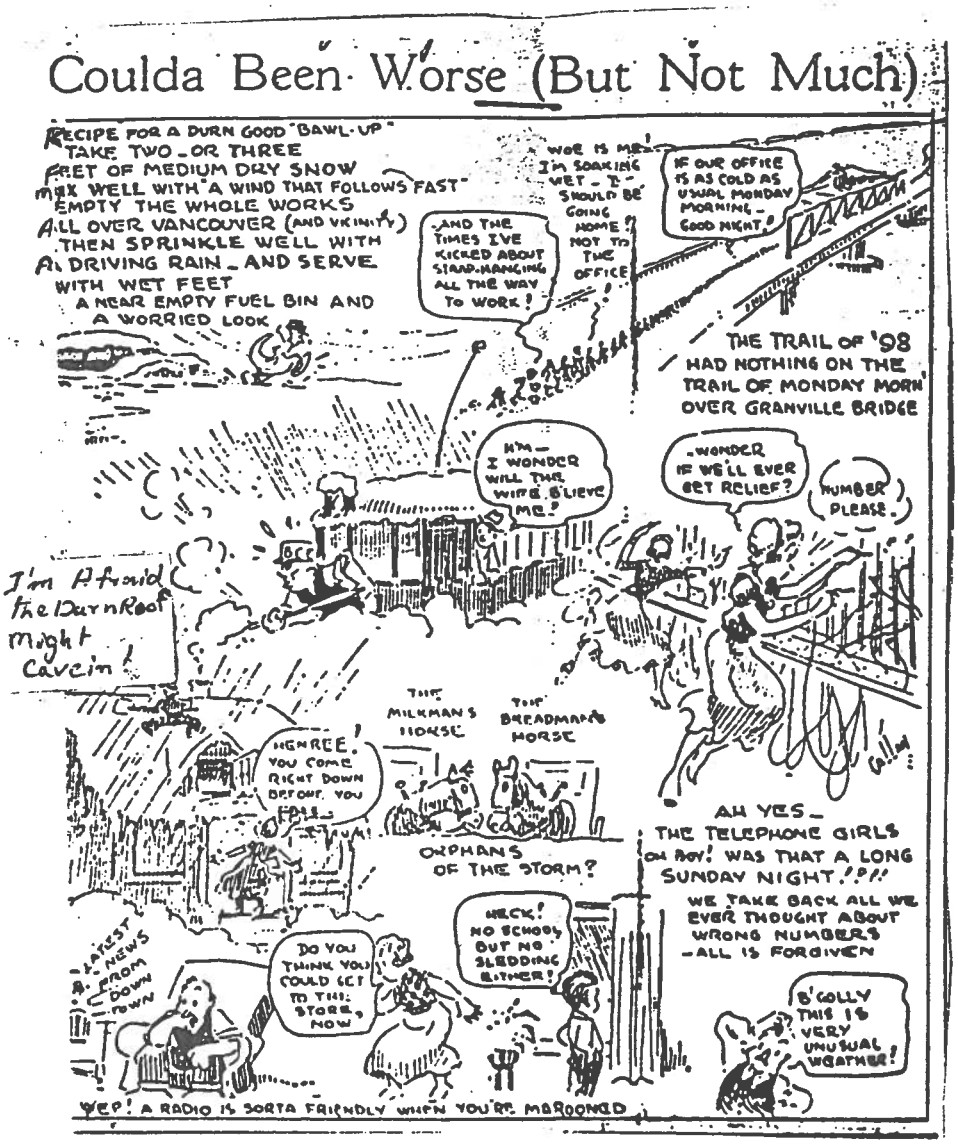
Flooding near Chilliwack – January 1935 – photo courtesy of Chilliwack Archives

urday. To quote **Chilliwack Progress**, February 7: "He had warned many of the settlers . . .some stayed. Jim, Pat and Dave Beck made heroic efforts to warn the people in the dead of night, travelling on horseback from house to house. Those poor people, awakened in the early hours of the morning by a rap on the window or door, were told they must leave their homes at once. . . Those who had second storeys in their houses hurriedly piled their most treasured possessions there, while those not so fortunate have lost everything. The removal of stock was hampered by the treacherous condition of the roads."

Typical of many was the experience of the Walter family, pioneers on Sumas Prairie; the father had a 56-acre tobacco farm. His son Rudy, then seventeen, recalled: "We heard that the Sumas River was about to overflow; Dad had the team of horses all hooked up and harnessed, and the wagon ready. Just at midnight, everybody was told to get out. Dad excitedly hooked that team onto the wagon, everyone piled in, and off we went down a barely passable road. The horses sank to their waists in snow." Armin Walter, then fifteen, recalled: "The families moved out to the mountains, roughly a mile and a half away. We stayed in a hunting lodge, and ate only bread and corn flakes. When we were allowed to return to the farms, six weeks later, the furniture was under water and so was our car. When we picked up a chair, it fell apart."

Tobacco, which the Walter family grew, is dried by hanging the leaves on laths. The flood had carried away these piled-up laths, and young Rudy and Armin remembered having to collect about 2,000 of them, after the flood waters were pumped out. But the Walters were hardy pioneers. "Within weeks, after the flood," Armin said, "we were again planting tobacco" – and before then they had hauled out the hay that had not been under water, to feed the cows that had been rescued.

The day after the flood – Sunday, February 3, 1935 – "representatives of practically every organization in Chilliwack" (**Chilliwack Progress**, February 7) "met to plan relief measures for those left homeless and penniless." Henry Eddie, in charge of the relief operations, reported: "Fortunate people in the district willingly took the refugees into their homes. When this source of accommodation was filled, shacks, vacant houses and hunting lodges were commandeered. Stock was driven long distances to barns of friends." Mr. Eddie then purchased large quantities of food, relying on Government help. The minister of Public Works promptly authorized Mr. Eddie's rescue work, and promised Government aid for the refugees.



Vancouver Sun, Tuesday, January 22, 1935 front page cartoon

The staffs of the three Vancouver daily newspapers appealed for donations of clothing, blankets, supplies for the flood victims, and large donations soon arrived at their hastily opened depots. in Chilliwack, the Community Chest provided relief supplies; the Board of Trade was authorized to receive and disburse cash donations. Its directors, co-operating with the Municipal Council, also arranged financial help to farmers who lacked funds to rebuild barns which had been wrecked by the "silver thaw" – the disaster which had battered all of the Fraser Valley. The smallest loss, fortunately, was of human lives.

For three days, after the telegraph, telephone and electric wires had collapsed under the festoons of ice, Chilliwack's only contact with the world was given by two amateur radio operators. Earl Streeter moved his transmitter and receiver into the Chilliwack Telephone office, to be worked by its emergency

power; and Jeff Bradford brought his battery operated set to the studios of Chilliwack's radio station, CHWK. Living on snacks of food and brief naps, they sent their station calls to unseen voices of ham wireless operators in Vancouver and other centres, getting needed news of the storm conditions, which the staff of CHWK printed as Emergency Bulletins on its hand operated duplicator, under little circles of candlelight.

The emergency work crews who, during many exhausting days, cleared the roads, repaired the dykes, and put the Sumas Pumping Station back into action, expected no awards except knowing that the farmers were soon able to return to their homes and their own rebuilding. Train and phone services were soon linking the Fraser Valley's centers with Vancouver and the rest of Canada, while the B.C. Electric and B.C. Telephone repair crews laboured to rebuild the power lines in the farming districts. Some remote farms had no electricity for several months, Murdo Maclachlan wrote; but, on these farms, the folks relit their kerosene lamps and cooked on the wood stoves.

Murdo Maclachlan ended his account thus:

"One of the most important consequences of the storm was the subsequent 'ice-proofing' of new Valley construction: power poles, lights, building structures. There have been lesser ice storms since 1935, but, fortunately, they have produced proportionally less damage because of the 'proofing.'"

* * * * * * * * * *

FOOTNOTES

My warmest thanks to the several long-time residents of the Fraser Valley who very helpfully tape-recorded their own memories of the 1935 ice storm and flood. I regret that they couldn't all be quoted in one magazine article, because of lack of space.

The writer is a retired secretary, now doing volunteer work and researching a variety of subjects with a view to writing more articles..

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Other reference sources:

1935 Staff of Chilliwack's Radio Station CHWK:

"Fraser Valley Storm and Floods; January 20 to 26, 1935." Souvenir booklet, published in response to many requests, of the "Emergency Bulletins" issued by CHWK staff, during that week. Now in the Chilliwack Library, 45860 - 1st Avenue, Chilliwack, B.C.

Murdon Maclachlan (former radio broadcaster) 45650 Marshall Avenue, Chilliwack, B.C.

An excellent and detailed account of the 1935 storm and flood.

Mrs. Betty Rogers, (Chilliwack Museum and Historical Society). Letters in reply to my advertisement for information about the storm.

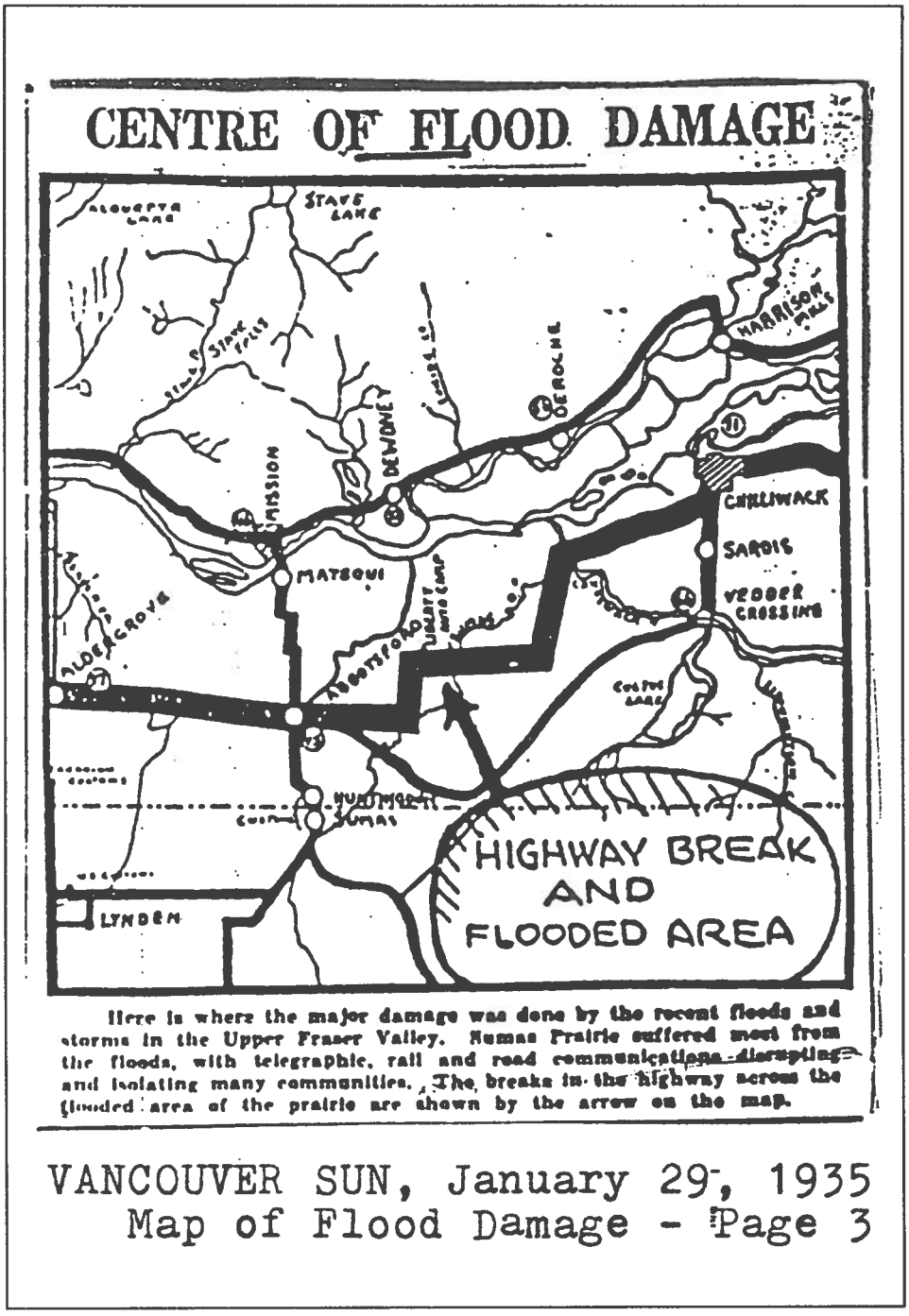
Rudy and Armin Walter, (Rudy Walter, now a resident in Sardis, B.C.) (Armin Walter, now resident in Aldergrove, B.C.)

Tape recordings of their experiences during this disaster.

Many thanks to Mrs. Judy Mayers, Coquitlam, B.C., who invited the Walter brothers and others who had memories of the 1935 storm to meet me at her home, where they taped accounts of their experiences.

Mrs. Jim Bowman, Chilliwack Archives, 9291 Corbould Street, Chilliwack, B.C.

Photographs, reproduced from those in the Archives.



Vancouver Sun, January 29, 1935. Map of flood damage – page 3

Pioneer Teachers of British Columbia

by Jean Barman

During the three decades following British Columbia's entry into Confederation in 1871 the province was distinctive in possessing legislation mandating that schools be established wherever a dozen or so children could be gathered together BUT no provision whatsoever to train the men and women who were expected to teach these children. To become a teacher it was only necessary to pass a knowledge-based examination given annually in Victoria. Even a grade as low as 30% merited a teaching certificate good for one year!

Who were the teachers serving these newly created schools? My research started with official records of the provincial Department of Education to determine teachers' names, job locations, dates and salaries. I went to the manuscript census for 1881 and 1891 which told me something about individuals teaching in these two years including birthplace and ethnicity, religion and age. Then early in 1988 I sent a letter to the editor of community newspapers around British Columbia requesting information on early teachers. Upwards of a hundred replies were received from generous people who not only passed on recollections of fathers, aunts or grandparents who had been teachers but shared photos, family histories and diaries.

British Columbia was a fragile entity with some 10,000 settlers (mostly male) alongside 35,000 indigenous people when it entered Confederation in 1871. In 1872 some 20 teachers were employed. Not until the completion of the transcontinental railway did the arrival of settlers raise their population to surpass that of Native Indians. By 1901 the population offered employment to 600 teachers.

B.C.'s pioneer teachers were essentially self-selected. The motivation which led these individuals to go into teaching was principally economic. Teaching acquired much of its appeal because it did **not** require any period of preparation. For some females, teaching, as one of the few occupations open to them, satisfied a less tangible need to do something more constructive than staying home between schooling and anticipated marriage. Those early teachers seem to fall into five principal categories: (1) girls just out of school, (2) young people determined to get ahead, (3) females forced to fend for themselves, (4) men in need of ready cash, and (5) experienced teachers. Space does not permit us to detail the many personal stories garnered by our research, but the following character sketches tell of individuals typifying each group.

Girls just out of school.

It was commonplace for a young girl just out of school, aged 16, 17 or 18 to intrepidly make her way to the frontier to take charge of a crude one-room school. Many of these had only Grade VIII education as there were no high schools until 1876 in Victoria, 1884 New Westminster, 1886 Nanaimo, and 1890 Vancouver. Indeed the provincial regulations permitted female teachers to be as young as age 16, whereas young men could not enter the occupation until they reached 18!

Two of Charles Mebius's daughters became teachers. Mebius came to British Columbia in 1852 in the employ of the fur trading Hudsons Bay Company, but by the time of his marriage eight years later he had established himself as a cooper or barrel maker. Lucy was just 17 when she began at Nanaimo in 1884. Despite harsh realities such as having 70 pupils enrolled in her class within three years of starting out, she remained a teacher there until her death in 1925. Jeannette Mebius became a teacher in 1889 fresh from winning the Governor General's Medal for top academic performance at Central High School in Victoria. Jeannette would eventually marry, but by the time she did she had taught well over a decade at half a dozen schools across Vancouver Island and the interior.

Elizabeth Sylvester's background paralleled that of Jeannette Mebius. Her father, Frank Sylvester, had arrived in Victoria six years after Charles Mebius at the time of the transition from a fur trade outpost to a gold rush colony. Among the thousands of newcomers of 1858 were numerous Jewish merchants who simply brought their goods north with them from San Francisco, where many had been provisioning California's gold rush a decade earlier. Frank Sylvester acted as business agent for his brothers-in-law in San Francisco but within the year he disposed of the small store he constructed in Victoria and left to try his luck in the goldfields. He had returned to business in Victoria when he met his future wife who had arrived in 1862 with her family via the goldfields of Australia and then California.

Frank and Cecilia Sylvester married in 1869 and became parents of 5 girls and 3 boys, all of whom were encouraged to obtain as good an education as had each of their parents. Frank had reputedly won first prize for literature in the New York City schools, and Cecilia had by chance followed to Victoria the headmistress of the private French-language school in which she had studied in San Francisco, Madame Pettibeau in Victoria. According to the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, the children were expected to make good use of their schooling "By going to work as soon as they were able." Thus, as soon as Elizabeth completed her education at the best Victoria private school of the day, Catholic St. Ann's Academy, she looked to one of the few socially acceptable occupations open to women, took the annual teacher's examination at age 17 and was soon in a classroom in the Cowichan Valley. Two years later Elizabeth returned to teach at the Victoria boys' school until her marriage at age 34. Her position at the Victoria boys' school was taken by her younger sister Louisa who remained there until she retired. Louisa had commenced teaching at the some-

what older age of 23, and had moved annually between a number of frontier schools.

Typical of newcomers to British Columbia following the completion of the railway was Carrie Ogle. In the late 1880s the Ogle family moved from Nebraska up to the Fraser Valley to open a general store and operate the local post office. Fifteen year old Carrie received permission to stay behind with an older sister until she finished school. A graduation program still held by her daughter attests that Carrie was awarded honours in Latin. Carrie took the examination for B.C. teachers, then taught at a nearby school. Four years later, however, Mrs. Ogle's illness forced Carrie to come home to help in the family store. Carrie optimistically renewed her teaching certificate every year until she married.

Young people determined to get ahead.

Many viewed teaching as a stepping stone toward what they really wanted out of life. To the reasonably well educated young man or woman desirous to get ahead, teachings' immediacy of access made it particularly attractive as a fundraiser. Thus young John Tolmie went from a first job at the B.C. Sugar manufactory to the relative comfort of a schoolroom in order to finance medical school. So did George Dockrill, teaching first in Ontario then in New Westminster before heading to Dalhousie Law School. Arthur Proctor also farmed part time to save up even faster to qualify as a medical doctor. Garfield King, who became a leading Vancouver lawyer, taught at Lac La Hache then at Langley during the last years of the nineteenth century.

John Duncan MacLean was a Maritimer, the son of a Prince Edward island farmer. His early goal of obtaining an advanced education was cut short by his father's demand that he assist the family economy by teaching school. At age 19, John left home, working his way west by stopping to teach awhile on the prairies. He then tried to make his fortune in Vancouver and in the Kootenays before financial difficulties again turned him to teaching, this time in the boomtown of Rossland. However as John himself described it, "Schoolteaching in a mining town in those days was not particularly lucrative, so I decided to make the plunge" to become a doctor. As soon as finances permitted he enrolled at McGill. John MacLean then practiced medicine in the Kootenays until his election as an MLA. He became a cabinet minister then premier on the death of John Oliver in 1927.

It was not only young men who used teaching to get ahead. Margaret Burns, daughter of a provincial school inspector, determined to achieve the medical career which circumstance had denied her father, taught for almost a decade, but only in order to finance her studies at the San Francisco School of Osteopathy and earn a medical degree.

Comparable were Thomas and Belle Wilson, a married couple who taught across the interior during the 1890s while also doing home studies and summer courses at Portland Medical College diligently earning their separate medical degrees. They first practiced medicine along the remote north coast. In 1909 they moved to Vancouver where they had a joint medical practice while raising two sons to become doctors, and a daughter a nurse. Indeed teaching was often used as a stepping stone to other professions.

Females forced to fend for themselves.

Married women in British Columbia as elsewhere were seldom deemed suitable to be in the classroom; the exceptions rising either out of trustees' desperation to secure a teacher or the equal desperation of married women forced into paid employment. Fanny Richards had married at 17 but a year later, in 1871, found herself a widow with a baby son. Her father, who had come north from San Francisco to begin one of Victoria's earliest newspapers, had fallen on hard times. Fanny taught at Hastings Mill School, a logging settlement that would eventually become the city of Vancouver. First boarding and then living on her own in a cottage behind the school, she soon struck up an acquaintance with a young accountant serving as a trustee for a neighbouring school who, according to his biographer, "made a point of discussing educational matters with the young widow as often as possible." Later, as the elegant Fanny Springer, she went on to "set the social tone for the inlet" into the next century.

Janet Wilson, orphaned at the age of 13 and thereafter despatched to a Catholic convent from her Ontario home, decided in 1888 to join her brothers already in the west. She answered a newspaper ad for a teaching position in Hope, British Columbia. She was met at the railway station at Yale where she and all her worldly goods were loaded into a canoe and transported down the Fraser River by two Indian guides. Janet was undaunted by frontier conditions. Within two years she stopped boarding (the general rule for unmarried females) and set up house on her own.

Clara Starret, "nurtured in a cultured atmosphere in Victoria", to quote her granddaughter, taught briefly before marrying in 1885 "in the face of her parents' objections." Their concerns may have been well founded: Clara not only took the unusual step of continuing to teach for a year after her marriage but on the birth of her fourth child left her husband to teach in the very remote Norwegian coastal settlement of Bella Coola on a hastily arranged temporary certificate.

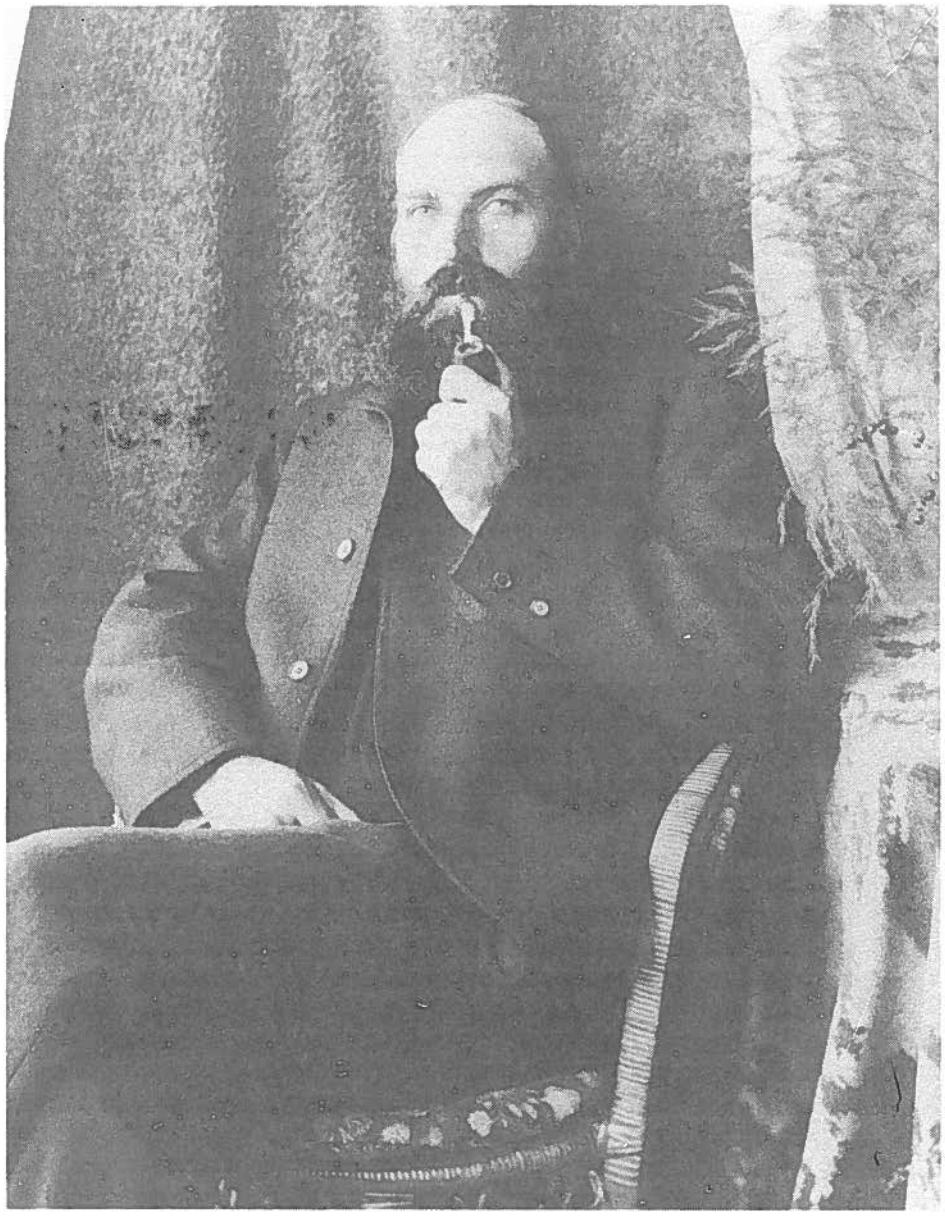
Men in need of ready cash.

Men, be they young, middle-aged or elderly, at times felt the same desperate need for cash as the widows and orphans in the previous category. Teaching offered ready employment to those prepared to undertake the challenge. John McMillan had commenced training for a minister at the behest of his parents in New Brunswick. He had graduated in classical languages from the provincial university and had a stint at the University of Edinburgh. John, home on holiday, married and shortly thereafter followed his father-in-law out west. This aborted his family's plans for further studies. Once in Vancouver McMillan turned to teaching 'as a means of survival' to support his growing family. After three years he quit teaching and in 1894 opened a small grocery store on East Hastings. Bad economic times forced him back into the classroom, this time on the North Shore so that he could also "shoot a deer in the backyard and get a salmon in the bay in a few minutes."

Raffles Purdy was the son of English stone carvers but could not, according to his daughter, "see himself chipping away at a bit of stone or wood, so he took up teaching." In the early 1880s promotional literature attracted him, his

sister and brother-in-law, first to Nebraska in the United States and then to Victoria. There Raffles purchased a sailing sloop on which he loaded his family and all their worldly goods and headed for Salt Spring Island. Like so many other arrivals during these years, what Purdy and his relatives sought was land of their own on which to farm. Soon local trustees were pursuing Raffles to teach since they had such trouble keeping lady teachers "as they were in great demand by the single men." So Raffles took on the school for what he thought at the time was a handsome salary. At the same time he pre-empted land, planted an orchard and raised stock. Raffles Purdy continued his dual role for a dozen years until financially able to pursue his love of farming full time.

Scottish-born Alexander Shaw, who had gone to work at age 14 to support a widowed mother, eventually emigrated first to Ontario then to British Columbia. By then aged 50 with a ninth child on the way, he worked as a telegraph operator in Yale before taking up farming on Gabriola Island. Finding the local school closed he took matters in his own hands. He wrote off to Victoria for the necessary high school texts on which the teachers' examination was based, studied in the evenings, and then next summer rowed off to Victoria and took the qualifying exam himself. Reopening the local school, Alexander quickly discovered the advantage of having a cash income, so next summer took along two of his sons and they too passed the examination. Alexander Junior taught only one year on Gabriola, John continued in Nanaimo for over two decades. For his part, Alexander Sr. soon became bored with a combination of farming and teaching so he headed for Nanaimo to begin a company to provide electricity. When it went insolvent he simply went back to teaching which he once again combined with farming, becoming the local postmaster and serving as lay preacher. Only deafness at age 75 finally forced Shaw out of the classroom.



Raffles Augustus Robert Purdy – Born May 7, 1861; died Nov. 16, 1935. School teacher of Salt Spring Island from 1884 - 1897 teaching all grades.

Experienced teachers.

Young Ivor Fougner had graduated from a Minnesota normal school and taught two years before heading west in 1894 with a party of fellow Norwegians to begin a colony on a British Columbia fiord. At Bella Coola Ivor clearly preferred to work the land, but as he was the only qualified teacher in the community he was soon forced back into the classroom. His diary reveals a bored reaction to his duties: "Sometimes I feel painfully for some other kind of work." Outside teachers were hired from time to time but Ivor returned to the classroom intermittently until he was appointed Indian Agent in 1909.

A gentleman who had a tremendous influence on education in this province was William Burns who arrived in Victoria in 1892. This experienced teacher had worked for many years in England at a private school run by his father, but all the while he yearned to study medicine. His father forbade him to go to university, but when he emigrated to Ontario (with a wife and seven children) he studied at Queens University. In British Columbia he served for a few months as principal of Victoria High School before being appointed a school inspector based in Nelson. Then, when the first provincial Normal School was being organized, William Burns was thrust into the role of principal. Burns worked very hard in organizing the courses of study, administering the duties of building and maintenance staff at the various properties associated with the program, and contending with a succession of Superintendents and politicians. He continued until 1920 when a debilitating illness forced him to resign

Pioneer teacher (1895-1909) and first secretary of the Norwegian colony of Bella Coola, Ivor Fougner is shown here in his bachelor's quarters

at the age of 78. This dedicated teacher of teachers in 1924 received the Good Citizenship medal awarded by the Native Sons of British Columbia.

The Lawson sisters arrived from Prince Edward Island in 1890 when their father became editor of the Victoria **Colonist** newspaper. Maria had already taught for 20 years and continued to do so until she was able to work as a full-time journalist. Young Fanny taught only briefly until she married. Ellen served in British Columbia as a career teacher. One pupil remembers her "sitting or standing ram-rod straight in a suit coat above a long skirt below which high laced leather footwear disappeared somewhere up the calf. Her hair was always piled high on the top of her head and her pince-nez spectacles supported by a little chain. Miss Lawson was the epitome of the Victorian-Edwardian spinster."

By the end of the nineteenth century the vast majority of teachers were young girls just out of school, but juxtapositioned against them were a growing number of long term or career teachers. Particularly important in changing the character of teaching were many individuals with academic credentials who were coming to dominate the most prestigious and highest paying jobs. The relative freedom of entry into the occupation, and even job selection, which had characterized the era of B.C.'s pioneer teachers had largely disappeared as teaching became an increasingly bureaucratic, credentialized, and sex-differentiated vocation.

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SOURCES

Data from:

Beatrice Cooke	Joan Modrall
Gwen Morrice	Don Munro
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The First Fifty Years: Vancouver High Schools 1890-1940

Memories Never Lost: Stories of Pioneer Women in the Cowichan Valley

The People of Gabriola ... by June Lewis-Harrison

Portraits of the Premiers ... by S.W. Jackman

Robert Burnaby

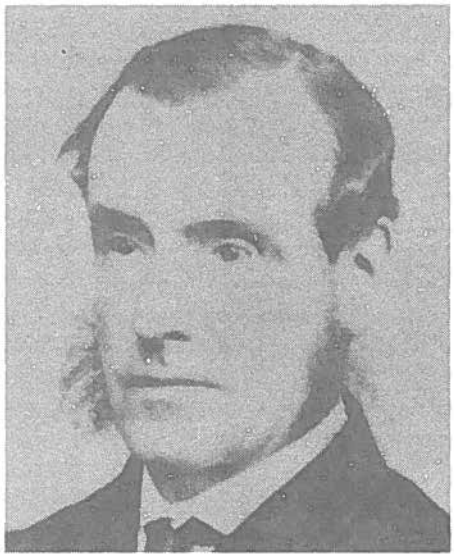
by Pixie McGeachie

By the middle of the last century, glowing reports of abundant natural resources and fertile settlement lands in Canada's far west began drifting back to Britain with increasing enthusiasm. Investors, adventurers and those looking for opportunities to homestead headed in growing numbers for Vancouver's Island and New Caledonia. The names of many of these pioneers have been perpetuated on geographic sites throughout what is now known as the Province of British Columbia. Robert Burnaby was one of those pioneers.

Robert Burnaby, after whom the Municipality is named, was one of those who came looking for business opportunities and stayed to become involved in molding the future of the infant colonies. He has not come down in history as a colourful pioneer yet research reveals him to be one of those quiet but invaluable men whose dedication to the development of his adopted land and his response to affairs of social conscience make him worthy of note.

Burnaby was educated in England at St. Paul's School and Christ's Hospital until he was about 14 years of age when he entered the civil service in the comptroller's office of the Custom Department of Her Majesty's Government in London. In his work he would have had the opportunity to get first-hand reports of world commerce and geographical development. News of the 1858 Fraser River gold discovery must have excited his imagination. At the same time, he probably heard his brother, who was with the Royal Engineers, discussing the imminent departure of Engineers who were going across an ocean and a continent to open up a new land of great promise.

When Burnaby was 30 years of age he went into partnership with an old school friend, Edward Henderson, to form the firm of Henderson and Burnaby Commission Merchants. Henderson was to run the London office and Burnaby was to look after the firm's interest after setting up an office in Victoria. Later, after the death of Henderson in 1865, he started up his own real estate and insurance business. During his stay in Victoria, he managed not only to fill his life with many adventures but also to gain a reputation as a level-headed legislator and moderator.



Robert Burnaby
photo courtesy Burnaby Historical Archives

Journey to Victoria

Robert Burnaby began his journey from England to the west coast of Canada in early October, 1858. He arrived in New York where, quite by chance, he met Arthur Bushby, who later became the son-in-law of Governor James Douglas, and Charles John Riland, who was to become a magistrate at Langley and lessee of the Hudson's Bay Company's farm there.

As the three men boarded the **Moses Taylor** on the next leg of their journey, they found themselves joining Colonel R.C. Moody, officer commanding the detachment of Royal Engineers sent out from England to assist in opening up the land and also in maintaining order. The following trip by ship to Aspinwell then by the Panama Railroad and finally by the steamer **Sonora** was not entirely comfortable. The travellers were greatly relieved to arrive at Esquimalt on Christmas Day, 1858. They hastened to Fort Victoria where Burnaby and Bushby found shared lodgings for $5.00 a month or $4.00 a month each if bedding was supplied.

Shortly after arriving in Victoria, Burnaby presented a letter of introduction – given to him by the British Colonial Secretary, Lord Edward Bulwer-Lytton – to Governor Douglas who, on February 22, 1859 appointed him as secretary and aide to Colonel Moody who was about to oversee the laying out of district lots so that the lower mainland of what is now British Columbia could be opened up for settlement. One of Burnaby's first jobs was to prepare lists of these lots which were to be sold by the government, in Yale, Hope, Douglas (at the head of Harrison Lake) and Queensborough (New Westminster).

By August, 1859 finances in the Pacific Colonies were strained and Governor Douglas ordered the dismissal of all civilians working for Moody. The Colonel did his best to keep Burnaby as his aide but to no avail. Burnaby then decided to team up with Walter Moberley (of future C.P.R. fame) to do some prospecting for coal around Burrard Inlet. They had a few adventures but found only small evidence of coal deposits.

The two men parted company and Burnaby returned to Victoria to set up the commission merchant business and to make his home. In February, 1860 he helped organize and became chairman of the British Columbia and Victoria Navigation Company which operated until 1863. In the same year he also formed the Queen Charlotte Island Mining Company but so many tools and supplies were stolen from the mining site the operation could not survive.

In 1863, along with other businessmen, he started the Antler Bedrock Flume Company Limited with operations in the Cariboo. Only $307.50 worth of gold was found to offset an in-

vestment of $68,000 so the company disbanded in 1866. Burnaby should not be faulted for his apparently ill-advised business ventures but rather commended for his unflagging vision of what the untried land, so full of natural resources, could yield.

Although not officially part of the government of the Pacific Colonies, Burnaby was asked to chair a number of meetings regarding legislative changes and social reform. With the resignation of James Cooper, Member for Esquimalt, from the Assembly in October 1860 Burnaby was pursuaded to contest for the vacant seat. For some reason, Amor de Cosmos, editor of the **British Colonist**, spared no opportunity to editorially run Burnaby down and, several times before the election day, pointed loaded exclamation marks at him.

However, when the dismally wet election day saw 33 voters turn out to elect Burnaby with a majority of five ballots, de Cosmos finally gave up and offered grudging approval:

"At the conclusion, Mr. Burnaby, in a neat speech, reiterated his determination to act independently as the representative of the district . . . . were we to judge him for his speech, he evidently is a man of some ability – an article very scarce in Obstructive ranks. Should he carry out the opinions he has expressed, we may have occasion to congratulate the country on his election."

In July, 1863 Burnaby stood for re-election and succeeded in keeping his seat. By this time he had gained a great deal of respect for his speech making, his fair mindedness and his sense of humour. Wilford A. Harris, who purchased the **British Colonist** from Amor de Cosmos, had this to say about him:

"Mr. Burnaby, although with less Parliamentary experience, is a much more practical representative than Mr. Franklin, and shows a greater aptitude for Colonial politics. Unlike most of the Members, who draw most of their political inspiration from the Mother country, Mr. Burnaby is to a great extent free from that serious defection of striving to adapt the cumbrous and complicated system of things in England to a country in its infancy . . . On general matters Mr. Burnaby is disposed to be much more liberal than his commercial confreres, and is, if not one of the most frequent, at least one of the most lucid speakers in the House."

Although he never married, Robert Burnaby enjoyed a busy social life. He sang fairly well, had a good sense of humour and a gentlemanly approach to all matters. With these attributes, he was in constant demand socially. He also participated in amateur theatre and was chosen president of Victoria's Amateur Dramatic Association for 1863.

Before he left England, Burnaby had been active as a Freemason. When he discovered that the Masonic organization did not exist in the Pacific Colonies, he instigated the founding of the First Victoria Lodge which was officially formed on Monday, August 20, 1860. When the second Lodge was formed in New Westminster on June 24, 1862, under the name Union Lodge, Burnaby was the Installing Master. He was highly esteemed by his fellow Freemasons and was subsequently presented with a Past District Grand Master's jewel.

He also took an active interest in the Church of England and attended St. John's Church in Victoria. In January, 1861 when Bishop Hills called a general meeting of all Anglicans, Robert Burnaby is reported to have given ". . . a clear and concise speech".

As a member of the newly-formed Victoria Chamber of Commerce, Burnaby backed the Chamber's petition for a gold escort from the Cariboo and was appointed chairman of a committee to petition for the installation of a light at the entrance to Victoria Harbour. He was also one of the large gathering of gentlemen who met to formulate plans for the Pacific Colonies to be represented at the Industrial Exhibition held in London, England in May 1862. He suggested:

". . . Let specimens of our mineral wealth be sent to the exhibition. Nothing will advance our interests as much as sending home palpable, unmistakable lumps of truth (Laughter). It is to minerals that we are indebted for our present prosperity."

Previously, in March 1861 he had been asked to chair meetings set up to discuss the advisability of running a steamer from Victoria to San Francisco. Seemingly into all matters of social conscience, he had also become involved in the London Emmigration Society's project of sending out young women from England so that they might find repectable employment in the Colonies.

On October 31, 1862 Burnaby attended a meeting called to formulate plans to honour the 21st birthday of the Prince of Wales. He proposed the first resolution: "That being loyal and patriotic subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, it is the spontaneous and unanimous opinion of this meeting, that a public demonstration should take place on Monday the 10th of November to celebrate the auspicious event of the coming of age of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales."

During his time in the House of Assembly, Burnaby seems to have gained nothing but respect for his gentlemanly conduct – both in and out of the House – and his ability to express himself diplomatically.

Edward Henderson died in 1865 and Burnaby found it necessary to return to England. Feeling he might be absent for some time, he resigned his seat for Esquimalt and was replaced in the House by Dr. John Ash.

Even after returning to London, Burnaby had the Colonies' welfare in mind and so he attended a meeting of prominent merchants and officials who strongly favoured the union of the two Pacific Colonies. They took their resolution to the secretary of state for the colonies and most likely were a strong influence on the subsequent decision to bring about the union.

Back to Victoria

Robert Burnaby arrived back in Victoria aboard the steamer **Del Monte** on March 26, 1866 with authorization to make a proposition on behalf of the Royal West India Mail Company to place a direct steamer service between Panama and Victoria. Two months later, he was appointed Foreman of the Grand Jury at the Assizes.

On January 8, 1867 a mass meeting was held in Victoria to try to resolve the tricky question as to whether the capital of the now united Pacific Colonies should be Victoria or New Westminster. Burnaby again gave a good example of his ability to speak with clarity and humor.

The Colonist reported: "Mr. Robert Burnaby moved the second resolution as follows – That in the opinion of the

meeting, Victoria is the most suitable place that can be selected for the Seat of Government, and that its selection for that purpose would meet with the concurrence of the majority of the inhabitants of the Colony, whether they reside on the mainland, or on the Island . . . . He was opposed to political agitation – it had been the curse of the colony in the past . . . . If New Westminster and Victoria continued to pull in opposite directions, they would be like the two men who went to the law about a cow; it was carried to higher tribunal, and finally the litigants lost all their money, and the cow was sold for costs (laughter) . . . Trust the government as long as they will carry out the wishes of the people. If they fail, let the people unite and oppose them (prolonged applause and laughter)."

In 1866, Burnaby took another stab at mining development by joining a company which secured 20,000 acres of land on Moresby Island but this venture was not successful.

It was not until 1872 that he decided to have a home built for himself in Victoria. **The Colonist** deemed this event important enough to note: "A very Large and Substantial Villa is being constructed for Mr. R. Burnaby by Messrs. Hayward and Jenkinson, on a lot near the corner of Fort and Moss Streets. The outward apppearance and style of the building are remarkably pretty."

But Burnaby was not to enjoy his new home for long. His health began to fail and by 1873 had deteriorated to a point where he had to retire from all his activities. His friend and former political colleague, Dr. Helmcken, wrote: "Burnaby, my former brother, had become paralyzed. Poor fellow what a change – from a pleasant mirthful active honest little fellow – talented and full of business . . ."

Greatly concerned about him, Burnaby's friends arranged for him to return to Woodthorpe, England where his mother still lived. He travelled aboard the Hudson's Bay Company's bark, **Lady Lampson**, under the kind attention of Captain James Gaudin.

The press noted his departure: "Mr. Burnaby has been a resident of the Province since 1859, and has been prominently connected with the mercantile and productive interests of our country. As a member of the Legislature he was noted as one of our clearest-headed public men, and as a citizen he is respected and beloved by all. We wish Mr. Burnaby an early restoration to health and a speedy return to the Province."

Burnaby was not able to return. For four years more his paralysis progressed until he became completely helpless. On January 10, 1878, at the age of 49, he passed away. The Freemason's Grand Lodge report for 1878 paid him tribute: "In knowledge of the English Ritual, Burnaby has never been surpassed by any Brother in the Craft in this Province. His kind and courteous bearing whilst presiding over the Craft and his liberality and goodness of heart, endeared him to all who came in contact with him. May he rest in peace."

Robert Burnaby was buried in the Emmanual Church cemetery, Loughborough, England. His grave marker in the form of a stone cross is still there – a distant memorial to a man who gave his best for and left his name in his adopted land.

While not a well-known historical figure, Burnaby has received more geographical recognition than any other pioneer of British Columbia. Sites bearing his name include: a municipality, a park, a lake, the hill on which Simon Fraser University sits, a street in Vancouver, a shoal at the entrance to Burrard Inlet, a mountain range in Mckenzie Sound as well as an island and a strait in the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Burnaby's Grave Located

In 1959, Miss Bessie Choate, who was then secretary for the newly-formed (1957) Burnaby Historical Society, decided to search out Robert Burnaby's final resting place. She corresponded with the Lord Mayor of Leicester, England seeking information and saying that she was about to travel to England to find Burnaby's grave. The Lord Mayor replied that nothing was known about the Burnaby family. His curiosity was aroused, however, so he placed the story of Miss Choate's quest in the local papers and had asked for any relevant information.

On her arrival in Leicester, Bessie Choate was surprised to find an enthusiastic welcoming committee complete with photographers and reporters. Since it was thought that the grave could be found in the churchyard of Emmanual Anglican Church in Loughborough, Bessie Choate, accompanied by several local people, searched the overgrown cemetery – but to no avail. Just as the disappointed group was leaving, Miss Choate spied a clump of old lilac bushes at the back of the church. Thrusting aside the growth, she found two large stone crosses. The marble slab at the base of one of them bore the name of Robert Burnaby. The headstone, protected from the weather was remarkably white and undamaged.

Bessie Choate brought the good news of her find back to Burnaby. Since then the grave and marker have been preserved and many Burnaby officials and other citizens have visited the site. As a result of all the interest generated between the Municipality of Burnaby and Loughborough, the two locations declared themselves sister cities in 1986.

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The writer is a keen historian who is currently the president of the Burnaby Historical Society.

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Winter in Victoria 100 Years Ago

by E.A. Harris

On May 7, 1890 Arthur George Harris made this entry in the diary he had been keeping for more than a year: "We reached our destination, Victoria, B.C., after a 2600 mile train journey. We were six days on the train. The scenery was grand beyond description. Victoria is a nice place – much like an English city and the climate is more genial."

In the spring of 1889 AG, aged 23, and his younger brother, Ern, had emigrated from England. Their destination was Hamilton, Ontario, where a friend was already established. After one year living and working in Hamilton they decided to see more of Canada, now linked from east to west by the recently completed Canadian Pacific Railway. On April 30, 1890 they boarded the train that, six days later, brought them to Canada's west coast.

Victoria, with a population of 20,000, was then, as now, the provincial capital and had not yet been displaced by an up-and-coming Vancouver (population 12,000) as B.C.'s largest city and principal seaport. After nearly half a century of existence Victoria had a compact business section of solid Victorian buildings, with mostly British names, and residential streets with homes and gardens that were reminiscent of England.

However in spite of these similarities Victoria was far from being a clone of an English town. Unlike England most of the houses were built of wood. With their towers, pillars, and bay-windows even the ornate homes of Victoria's more affluent citizens were wooden mansions. An exception was the stone castle, Craig Darroch, built by Robert Dunsmuir and occupied by his widow in 1890.

The churches, though Gothic in design, were also wooden structures and vulnerable to fires. The Anglican cathedral burned down in 1869. Later brick and stone churches were erected but the iron church was an early exception – fireproof but noisy during rainstorms. It was built of pre-fabricated iron plates shipped from England in 1860. In the 1870s Rev. Edward Cridge was the rector of this Reformed Episcopal Church and Sir James Douglas was a member of the congregation until his death in 1877.

Also most of Victoria's sidewalks were made of wood. The streets were dusty when dry and muddy when wet. All vehicular traffic, except wheel-barrows and hand-carts, was horse-drawn. There were, as yet, no automobiles but in 1890 Victoria had acquired its first electric street-cars.

Victoria was much more heterogeneous than an English city. While most of the population were British by birth or descent there were many from other European origins as well. The native Songhees still occupied an extensive area along the harbor shoreline and there was a populous Chinatown, mostly male. There were Japanese and other Asians and a few black residents.

Two familiar Victoria landmarks, the present Parliament Buildings and the Empress Hotel, both designed by Francis Rattenbury, had not yet been built. In 1891 British Columbia's legislators assembled in a collection of wood and brick buildings, vaguely Oriental in design, known locally as 'the Bird Cages'! Construction of Rattenbury's stone structure began in 1893 and was completed in 1898. In 1891 the future site of the Empress Hotel was a mud-flat at low tide.

In spite of AG's favorable impression of Victoria the brothers found that jobs were scarce. Ern went south of the border to Seattle where he found employment in construction work. AG went in the opposite direction when he secured a job as store-keeper at a salmon cannery on the Nass River in northern B.C. His diary entry for July 27, 1890 stated: "I have shifted my geographical position. I am writing this in the store of the Cascade Packing Co., Nass River, B.C. – 600 miles north of Victoria. I came here on July 4, left Victoria June 27."

He kept a record of events throughout the fishing season and when it ended AG stayed on as care-taker until the last week of the year. For some of this time he was entirely alone with only a dog, named Carlo, as a companion. However on December 24, 1890 he wrote: "The steamer **Danube** arrived. The manager returned and I embarked for Victoria."

On the journey south the **Danube**, more freighter than passenger vessel, stopped at several other canneries taking on a cargo of canned salmon totalling 19000 cases. Because of the extra time required for loading, the **Danube** took 10 days to complete the voyage and AG was able to make this diary entry: "Arrived in Victoria on Sunday morning, January 4, 1891, at the outer wharf. Met Ern there."

The brothers had lodgings at 80 Pandora Street and for the next two months enjoyed a sort of winter vacation. AG did not make daily entries in his diary but recorded items he felt were noteworthy. The weather is always that and AG wrote: "Weather for January is extremely mild and a good deal of sunshine."

One of their pastimes was to rent a boat and go for a row in and around Victoria harbor. During the previous year in Hamilton they had sometimes gone rowing on Lake Ontario – but not in January. One of their Victoria maritime outings was particularly memorable when they rescued three Japanese boaters from drowning. The diary entry states: "On Sunday last four

of us had been out for a row in the Strait of Juan de Fuca when returning to the harbor we saw a boat capsized and as we were near we went to the rescue. We landed them safely – one fellow was very weak, he was going down for the last time when we pulled him out with an oar."

This life-saving incident was offset by another January occurrence that had fatal results. AG recorded: "One day this month a terrible accident happened at the wharf. Four men were crushed to death by the wharf giving way and hundreds of salmon boxes falling on them". Although AG had no personal involvement in this tragedy it is quite probable that the cargo of canned salmon the steamer **Danube** had recently brought to Victoria contributed to the over-load that caused the wharf to collapse.

Five years later another structural failure resulted in an even more tragic disaster. On May 26, 1896 a span of the Point Ellice bridge gave way under the weight of a car over-loaded with holiday-makers. fifty-five people died in this worst-ever street-car accident.

Of course AG had no thought of such an unhappy occurrence when, on January 21, 1891 he recorded in his diary: "To-day we paid a visit to Esquimalt, riding on the electric cars from Victoria. One warship in port."

In spite of these activities there were days when time seemed to drag. Towards the end of January AG remarked: "Nothing much more of interest this month. Everything seemed fresh for a bit but familiarity breeds contempt." (Apparently seeing the Bird Cages every day was not all that inspirational). However he did refer to another outdoor activity they engaged in: "We have been out shooting a good deal but with poor success. Too many pot hunters here."

Nevertheless they must have persevered because later, in February, he noted: "Had several days duck shooting this month." (He does not say with what success).

During February there was a change in the weather and AG reported: "The first part of this month was bright and warm but frost and snow during the latter part. Not severe. We had a little skating."

Self Caricature – sketched on last page of A.G.Harris's diary.

The previous winter in Hamilton they had also enjoyed skating on a frozen Lake Ontario. In a diary entry for February 1890 he recounted: "We had some fine skating, on Sundays as a rule, that being the only day we could get off . . . it is fun and I think I can skate better than heretofore.

The weather has been more severe than all the time before. The Ice-dealers and Business in Hamilton have all been lamenting their hard fate in not getting ice as usual but Providence came to their aid and they have harvested a good crop of ice off the Bay – about 9 inches thick.

The way they cut the ice is to mark it off in straight lines from the shore and then at right angles. Then they bring their ice-plow, drawn by a horse which cuts it through sufficiently for men to break it off in large square lumps and then it is floated down channel to the ice-house for storage.

Ice-boats are common here. They glide over the surface like – and with – the wind and are sailed in the same way as an ordinary boat. There are 3 iron runners, two in front, one behind – which serves as a rudder."

None of this happened in Victoria and the cold snap was soon over.

Victoria was still B.C.'s chief sea-port and AG noted the arrival of two ships, each having some significance: "The SS **West Indian** arrived from England, 72 days out. Chased by a Chilean warship." With the completion of the Panama Canal in 1914 the long voyage around Cape Horn would be eliminated and travel time cut to less than half.

AG also noted: "The barque **Scottish Bard** also arrived." Sailing ships in 1891 had not yet disappeared from the ocean sea-lanes.

Another diary entry stated: "Ern and I joined a club for reading, socials, etc." However their winter vacation period was coming to an end. Ern found a job locally but AG once again prepared to go north for a second season at the Nass River cannery. In his diary he wrote: "March 14, 1891 – Left Victoria at 11 p.m. . . . arrived Nass River, Thursday, March 19, at 5 a.m. Five day passage from Victoria. All Well."

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Ernest Harris shared his father's diary with readers in great detail in his book SPOKES-HUTE, Orca Press, 1990. E.A. Harris drew the cartoon of the "Bird Cages" to illustrate this memory of Victoria c. 1891 – but your editor placed it on the front cover.

Tranquille: Memories of the 1940s

by Sybil A. (Nan) MacFarlane

It was November 1942 with Vancouver under partial blackout in fear of the Japanese who had bombed Pearl Harbour eleven months earlier. The new song 'White Christmas', as sung by Bing Crosby, was heard from every radio station on the dial. And I was on my way to Tranquille Sanatorium near Kamloops for treatment for my worsening tuberculosis.

The train left Vancouver at 7 p.m. Mother hired a taxi to take me to the Canadian National Railway station. I remember the taxi man saying, "They usually don't send very sick patients to Tranquille; they keep them in Vancouver." When the train stopped briefly at Spences Bridge I peered out the window and saw that the landscape was covered with snow. I considered getting off the train to wander in the snow . . . and maybe freeze to death. I was 22 and the whole world seemed bleak and devoid of any future for me. I had been a student nurse at the Royal Jubilee Hospital in Victoria, B.C. I had completed two years and eight months of the three year training period. In those days we worked very hard. We had only one half day off per week. If we worked on night duty, a shift from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m., we were theoretically allowed two hours off during the night to sleep. This time was not always available as the ward was too busy. If the two hours were taken, it was usually spent stretched out on a wheeled cart in the Utility Room. I could fall alseep instantaneously. During the daytime which was to be spent sleeping it was often necessary to wake up, dress and attend a lecture from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. In August 1941 I entered a tennis tournament, playing many games on the hospital tennis court during a blistering hot summer. My partner and I won the tournament, but a medical check-up shortly after this revealed that I had pleural effusion, an early form of tuberculosis. In September 1941 I was sent home to rest. The infection invaded a greater area in my lungs and now I must be hospitalized at Tranquille.

Nan (Stuart) MacFarlane about 1944 at Tranquille

We were met at 2 a.m. at the Tranquille Station by a nurse and an ambulance driver. It was very cold and cheerless. Another patient and I were driven the mile or so from the station, then led to the washroom in the Greaves Building to undress and change to nightclothes. My fellow traveller told me that her name was Paula, she was pregnant, and a Roman Catholic. Medical dictum at that time recommended a therapeutic abortion. Paula told me that she would not consent to this. (I heard later that Paula signed herself out of the sanatorium a few days after being admitted and she returned to her home.) I crept into my assigned bed without waking those sleeping in the three other beds. When I awoke after a restless night I viewed a wintery scene – Kamloops Lake frozen and covered with snow, and a tree near the window covered with dead leaves which shook in the wind making a sound like the rattling of dry bones.

In spite of my depressed feelings it did not take me long to settle into my new environment. There were new things to learn, new people to meet, and the realization that rest, given sufficient time, was a great healer. The buildings were attractive and set in beautiful surroundings.

Tranquille was the largest sanatorium in the 1940s. Tuberculosis treatment required such a long time in those days that many, many hospital beds were needed. There were hospitals for Native people at Miller Bay near Prince Rupert and Coqualeetza near Chilliwack. Large city hospitals had a wing or ward devoted to tuberculosis patients. Veterans of WWII with 'TB' were returning from Europe necessitating the opening of a special wing at Shaugnessy Hospital, the Jean Matheson Ward.

Tranquille was a large complex set on a low, fertile bench on the north side of Kamloops Lake. There were three large patient units and a collection of auxiliary buildings creating an almost self-sufficient community. The most modern four-storied Greaves Building had an operating theatre on its top floor. Greaves Building, where I was housed, was flanked by the Main Building which was occupied by women patients, and the Infirmary which housed males. Beautifully groomed gardens surrounded these units. Other buildings included up-patient accommodations known as Pavilions for the men and Cottages for the women. There was a store, a Post Office, school room, laundry, Administrative Building, Recreation Hall plus the Nurses Residence. Private homes for physicians, gardeners, and farm staff with their families were located at a discrete distance from the core.

Treatment started with complete bed rest. Next came the welcome addition of bathroom privileges. Graded exercise, starting with as little as 15 minutes per day doing handicrafts, was added. From this beginning activities are increased as the patient's condition warrants. An exciting promotion came when permission was granted to go to the dining hall for one, then two, then three meals per day.

Patients were provided with a variety of entertainment at the Sanatorium. Radio was available through individual head sets. Books and magazines were provided on a library cart which made the rounds once a week. Classes or tutoring was provided by a teacher (herself a recovered patient) who made rounds in the wards. Occupational therapists taught and supplied materials for leatherwork, knitting and other crafts, the time for which was prescribed by one's doctor, gradually increasing from the initial 15 minutes per day. And, unless one was cursed with tongue-tied roommates, there was chatter and banter and laughter.

Ambulant patients had even more options and activities. Policy dictated, however, that the sexes be strictly segregated in the dining room or in the Recreation Hall. (The pervasive fear of the staff seemed to be that the patients would mingle, then produce tubercular children which would become a burden on the country requiring social assistance.) When recovering patients were upgraded to three hours of exercise a day they might take on a small job. I opted for the library cart, then typing and filing in the X-ray department, and finally acted as assistant in the dental office. Others were messengers for the store, or worked in the post office. The patient performing these tasks received remuneration from $5 to $15 per month.

Getting to the dining room three times a day took a fair amount of effort. It also required careful planning if one was to meet certain other patients in the cafeteria line-up, for once inside the dining hall (which was in a wing of the Infirmary building) sexes were strictly separated sitting at tables for six on opposite sides of the room. The only time when sexes mixed was on Christmas Day. This great occasion when we were allowed table companions of the opposite sex, was enhanced by the chief cook in glorious whites, circulating then performing for the entertainment of the patients.

Tuberculosis was thought of as a disease of the poor, a condition which developed because of poor housing and inadequate food. Because of this, many people were too proud to admit having the disease, and would use euphemisms to refer to the condition, referring to their "chronic bronchitis," "lung condition" or "asthma." Patients coming to a general hospital ward with a broken leg or a stomach ulcer might be ill with tuberculosis. These patients were unwitting sources of infection for doctors, nurses, lab technicians and others. As I progressed in my recovery and was able to mix with other patients I realized that many of the patients at Tranquille were connected with the medical field in their day to day work. Finally on April 11,1943 legislation created a clause in the Worker's Compensation Act to cover medical workers diagnosed after that date. Unfortunately neither my fellow patients nor myself could qualify for compensation.

(By way of contrast, a tuberculosis hospital was a safer place to work than the general hospital. Once a person was diagnosed as having tuberculosis he or she was trained to use simple procedures to protect himself/herself from reinfection and others from contacting the tubercle bacillus. A debilitated or defiant non-conforming patient would be placed in a single room and handled with extra isolation techniques. Records show that some members of medical staff worked at a sanatorium for 25 years and still showed no evidence (by skin test) of contact with the tubercle bacillus.) We who achieved cure by the long, slow rest treatment were grateful to learn of the discovery of medications which now control the disease; streptomycin (1945), pyrazinsamide (1951), isoniazid (1952), ethambutol (1968) and risampin (1971).

The pace of life quickened as my exercise time was increased. My first job was taking around the library cart. The library was fairly well stocked. There were some philosophy books, and a number of Christian Science books (which I was told not to take out to patients). It had books by Thomas Mann which were full of life in sanatoria in Switzerland. The rounds made me part of the 'underground telegraph' ..... especially when disturbing news such as a death in the operating room, a suicide in a vacant room, or a fatal pulmonary hemorrhage occurred. I remember one experience when I had left a book with a young man in the Infirmary Building. A day or so later he died of a pulmonary hemorrhage. On my return to that ward with the library cart, one of the roommates quietly handed me the borrowed book – a silent testimony to the loss of a friend.

One of the most exciting occasions was a trip into Kamloops to go shopping. First one had to make an appointment with the Chief Physician in the Administration Building to obtain a pass. You had to have a good reason for the trip. The most common reason was "to buy a pair of shoes" as it was accepted that these could not be bought from Eaton's catalogue. One was admonished to not bring back any liquor. At that time I did not drink alcohol and

Don Elson, chief steward, in the patient's dining room at Tranquille 1943.

Gladys Groves, Mary Light and Nan (Stuart) MacFarlane dressed in warm clothes to go to bed, in the cottages, on the open porch.

had never set foot in a liquor store. And the pass specified that one must be back by noon for the afternoon rest period. This adventure was eagerly anticipated. It meant half an hour on the bus to Kamloops then a browse around the main street which had a Hudsons Bay Store and a few Chinese restaurants.

Finally I was transferred to one of the Cottages, one of a half dozen little houses for women who were soon to be sent home. Each cottage had a large heated room, with a sink and a toilet close to the entrance, and a large unheated sleeping porch protected from the elements only by mosquito netting. The fresh air concept for healing tuberculosis had been disproved but in wartime there was not enough labour to make changes in the buildings. We cultivated a tomato plant or two and called it 'our garden'. We managed to get a small hotplate from my parents on which we delighted in making cocoa or fudge. The cottages were poorly wired and as a safeguard hotplates were banned. One day we carelessly left the hotplate out and it was confiscated by the nurse who made rounds in the cottages, "Not to be returned until the owner is discharged and going home." The next person discharge claimed the hotplate and mailed it back to me. Soon we were making fudge again – but being very careful about hiding the hotplate every morning. Once we stewed a pheasant on that hotplate, a bird that one of the men had caught in a snare near his pavilion. The only disadvantage of Cottage life was having to walk to the Main Building to have a bath in the bathtub – pleasant in summertime but a challenge in sub-zero weather.

Leaving the sanatorium was an emotional experience. There was a certain fear of leaving the safe, structured environment. There was the thrill, yet embarrassment of the final meal in the dining hall when an announcer would declare, "Jim/Jane Smith is leaving today. "As Jim or Jane marched out of the dining room all other diners would bang cutlery on their glasses or trays. Many left wearing the clothes they had worn on admission, some of it no longer in fashion. I was a patient in Tranquille for three years. The total time of my illness was five years, a long time out of life when one is young. I did finish my nurses training and later I went to the University of British Columbia where I earned a diploma in Public Health Nursing.

I am now 71 and in good health. Tranquille is now closed and lying empty since its use for 25 years as a home for the mentally handicapped.

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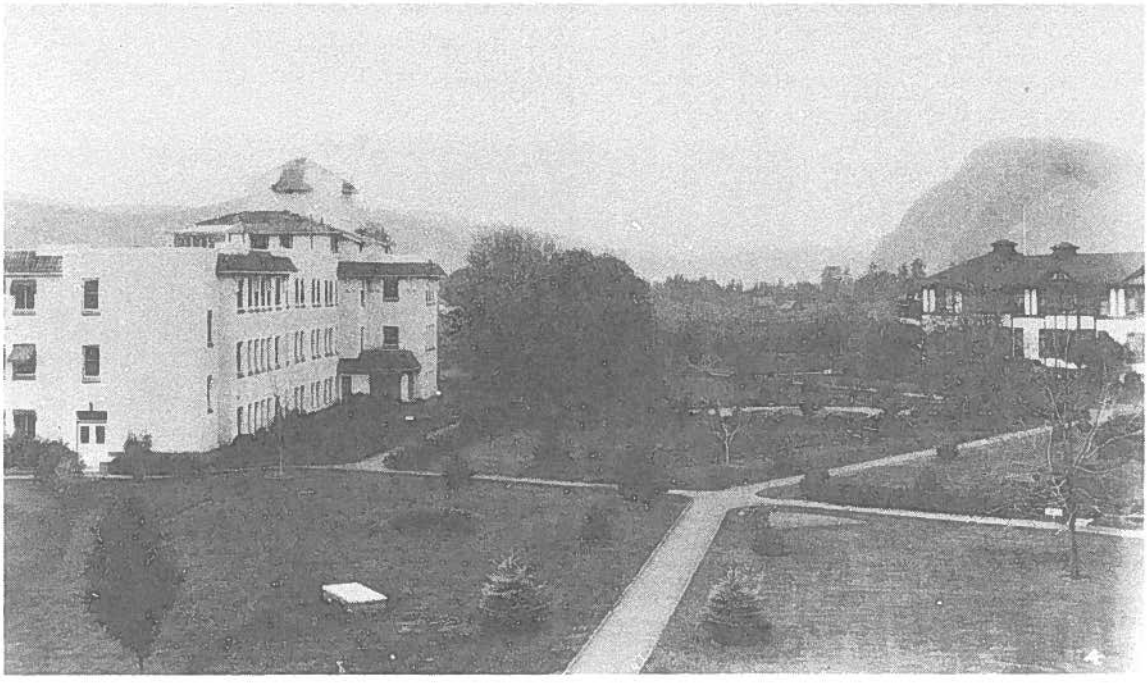
The author lives in Sechelt. Recently she took courses in English Literature at Simon Fraser University which concluded with a trip to England.



Greaves and Main Buildings, Tranquille Sanatorium.

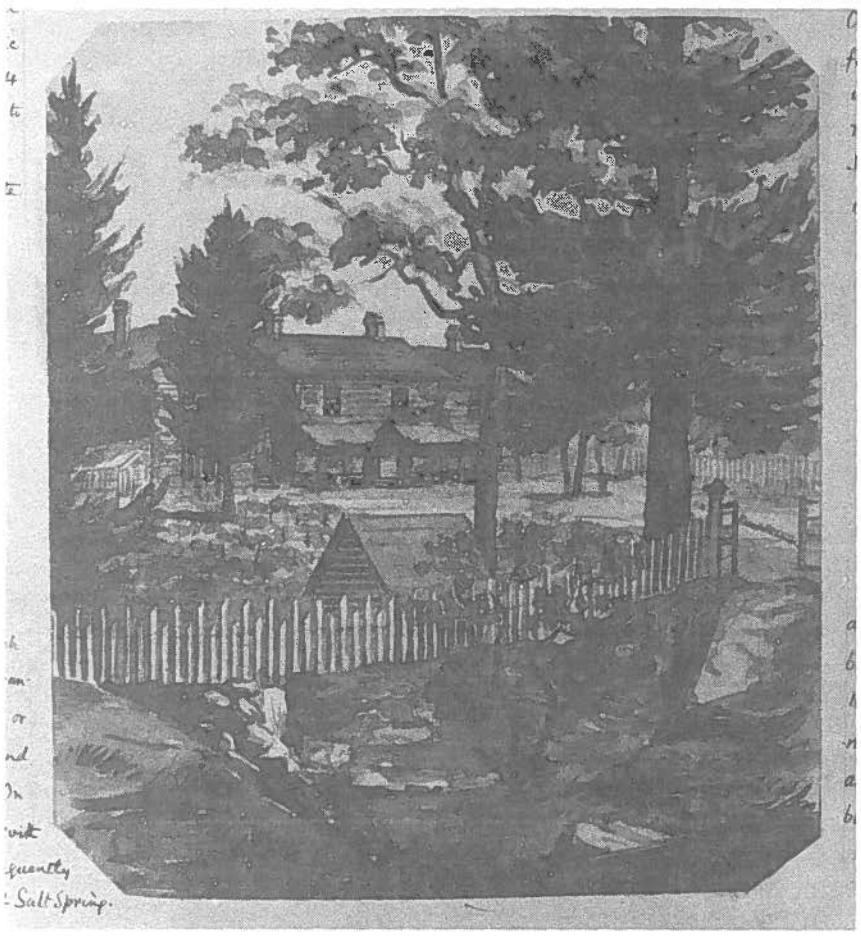
Edward Wilson: A Remarkable Minister

by Anthony P. Farr

Before the Rev. Edward Francis Wilson arrived on Vancouver Island at age 48, he had already achieved enough to fill an ordinary man's lifespan, despite the handicap of a club foot. Born in London, England, in 1844, he studied agriculture, went to Ontario as a 'farm pupil', switched to theology at Huron College after four days, was ordained back in England, married, and returned to Algoma diocese where he founded and operated one of the first Indian residential schools. Chief Ahbittahwahnuhquud gave him the Indian name of Puhgukahbun, meaning Clear Daylight.

During the next 20 years he made four fund-raising trips to England, on one of which he took an Indian chief, Buhkwujjenene, to the Prince of Wales at the opening of the Bethnal Green Museum. He also journeyed south to New Mexico and west to Alberta to study native physique and culture on behalf of the Smithsonian Institution. He established a second school at Elkhorn, Man., and attended the trial of Louis Riel in Regina. During this time he raised a family of ten children, acted as correspondent for the London Graphic and compiled an Ojibway – English dictionary and a Wilson family tree spanning 150 years and containing some 200 names. His well-used personal King James Bible contains marginal notes in his own hand – in Hebrew. He also wrote several books and papers on missionary work.

In 1892 the stress of his Indian work threatened Wilson with a second nervous breakdown – he had had one in 1880 – and his doctors advised a complete change of scene and rest. He and part of the family tried Texas, where they had friends, but "The heat was too great; besides which it is a foreign country, and we preferred to remain under the Union Jack." Their second choice was British Columbia, about which they had heard from two former girl pupils who had settled there. "It seemed perhaps rather a mad thing to do, but we sent two of our children as an advance guard to spy out the country, Winnifred (aged 18) and Llewellyn (aged 16)". They wrote back in September, full of enthusiasm. So orders were sent to buy land and build a house, cottage and stable in a Victoria suburb.



The Wilsons' house in Victoria, 1892-4

In November the family, plus three servants and a boxcar full of furniture, groceries and clothes, contained in 196 boxes and packages, moved in three contingents to Wilkinson Road near Burnside Road. The new house was named 'Barnsbury Grange' after the old Wilson home 'Barnsbury' in London. While Wilson returned east to hand over control of his Indian school, the rest of the family settled in. But, his wife Fanny wrote, "A strange and most unexpected change has come over the spirit of my dream of the balmy and windless climate of B.C.! I never passed thro' two days of such utter misery as Wednesday and Thursday; the wood was green – and the roots – everything froze in the house and the wind was terrific; the snow blew in at every crack and corner and our heads were nearly taken off. All had to wear their outdoor things."

After Wilson rejoined his family in March of 1893, times were hard. He noted in June "Having no regular income now, I have to depend on the evening offertories in our Mission Room (at Barnsbury Grange), and drawing water colour sketches of people's houses, for which I get a dollar each." And in August "I was feeling very depressed again, and thought of writing to the C.M.S. (Church Missionary Society) offering myself to work in Japan." But November found him conducting Civil Service examinations at Victoria City Hall, and his daughters were selling eggs from their developing farm.

Then early in 1894 he got word that the Anglican minister on Salt Spring Island was about to leave. On February 4 he "first set foot on Salt Spring Island, having come over in a small boat from Kuper Island. I wended my solitary way from Vesuvius Bay up through the woods to Mrs. Stevens' Boarding House." Bishop Perrin in Victoria offered him the parish of Salt Spring Island, which he was glad to accept, having had no employment for more than a year. He found a 100-acre farm for sale and got it for $900 by paying cash. "There was a rickety old log house on the property, with a mud chimney, and two or three old apple trees around it. There were no fences, and the whole place at that time was Bush and Swamp. I was advised to burn the old house, but I thought I would use it. The doors had been left open, and cattle and sheep had evidently been in and out at will."

During the next three years the old log house became the elegant dining room of a large, rambling, rose-covered rectory, the third 'Barnsbury'. In 1895 the Wilsons had 1 horse, 2 cows, 1 calf, 8 sheep, 3 pigs, 28 chickens and had started on a 350-tree orchard. Wilson was active in the Farmers' Institute and patented an apple-picking device.

Frequent functions at his church, St. Mark's, close by Barnsbury, were soon the weddings of his five daughters and the baptisms of his grandchildren. Before he got his own buggy, Wilson "had the loan of several saddle ponies, as many parts of the island were quite impassable for vehicles, the trails being too narrow, and always the liability of finding a fallen tree across the path." The hazards of travel did not deter him from visiting his flock, and many outside it, in all parts of the island. He also built a small church at the south end, St. Mary's. His predecessor, the Rev. Belton Haslam, had obtained the lumber, and it lay on the beach at Fulford Harbour. To move it the 200 yards to the site Wilson "called a 'Bee'. It was held on Easter Monday, March 26, 1894; there were 5 teams and 16 men at work, and all was finished satisfactorily by 4:30 p.m." He sketched another church for the area south of to-day's Ganges, at the Cranberry Road junction, but his plans did not come to fruition until after his departure for California.

A few weeks before the 'Bee', Wilson showed his sense of humour, often seen in his sketches, when he recorded that he "called in at F's to see the old lady, F's wife, who was somewhat crazy and thought to be dying; indeed it was said that Mr. F. had already bought her coffin and had it in his barn." She lasted until April 9, when "old Mrs. F. died. Mr. F. had sold the coffin in the barn to Perkins for his wife, so bought another for the present occasion. Three months later he married another wife; she also died and he bought another coffin for her; three altogether; and later was sued by the undertaker, as neither of the 3 were paid for."

Wilson was in demand as much for his medical as for his pastoral care. On an island with no doctor he had perforce to minister to sick parishioners, sometimes sitting up all night with them. when his own son Llewellyn ruptured himself putting on a wagon wheel, the operation was performed by a visiting naval surgeon with Wilson assisting. Later, when Dr. Baker was practising, Wilson was given "the run of his medicines" while the doctor was away hunting. He of course attended patients free of charge, but occasionally received a present, such as a ham or a bag of oats.

Barnsbury served as a temporary hospital, on occasions such as that described in an 1897 issue of Wilson's monthly newsletter 'Salt Spring Island Parish & Home': "Mr. Wilson's two daughters had just alighted from Mr. Harold Scott's waggon, having driven from the Vesuvius wharf. Just ahead of the waggon was Mr. A. Walter driving in his buggy, also one or two others on horseback, and one on a bicycle. Just at the brow of the steep hill the tongue of the waggon slipped from the neck-yoke, and, falling, struck the ground, and the horses – fresh, powerful creatures – dashed forward, galloping down the hill at breakneck speed. Mr. A. Walter jumped for his life; his buggy was smashed to pieces, and the horse propelled with such velocity that it was half way up the Divide before it was stopped. Mr. Chaldecott, who was in the waggon, was badly injured in the back, and, after lying up for ten days in Mr. Wilson's house, was sent down to the Jubilee Hospital on the 24th of April. Mr. Walter had his leg broken in two places, and a doctor was sent for (from Duncan). Mr. Robertshaw was also badly injured about the face and one arm."

On April 9, 1896, Wilson made a diary entry in the third person: "To-day he was called to attend Mr. Few's daughter May at the Divide . . . she was dangerously ill with brain fever – her temperature 105 1/2. On the 11th he called twice to see the child, and stayed till 2 a.m. and each day after till the 14th, when she took a turn for the better, pulse down to 102 and temp. 101, and sleeping quietly."

Sometimes he described himself as Father (but not in the clerical sense), as when he had to endure a bachelor's meal in 1895: "Father visited old Fredison and was regaled with Ladies' pudding, which tasted somewhat of tobacco."

We think of vandalism as a modern trend. But it was a part of life in 1903, too. When Wilson was staying overnight in a little cabin he had built behind St. Mary's Church, "My buggy was turned upside down in Roger's Creek, Edwards' store broken into and the window smashed, and the R.C. Priest's boat stolen. For these pranks, Freddy and Alvin Raynes were arrested and Freddy imprisoned for 3 months."

Wilson made a list of the numbers of people on the island by nationality, with "1 Patagonian" at the end. At the top was the majority, immigrants from Britain. Wilson himself was a staunch monarchist. So Old Country traditions were observed. On Nov. 5, 1895 he wrote "This evening we had a Guy Fawkes and fireworks at the crossroads (now called Central) near the Post Office. About 70 young and old were present." And on June 20, 1897 "We had special services at St. Mark's on account of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and on July 1 we erected a flag pole in front of the public hall (Central Hall) and hoisted the Union Jack."

Wilson's personal journal is interspersed with brief notes on international affairs – earthquakes, eruptions, assassinations, shipwrecks, inventions, etc. "Nov. 10, 1900: Count Zeppelin has brought out a dirigible airship" is an example. But an item of March, 1899, will make 1991 letter writers weep: "It was just at this time that Canadian postage was reduced from 3 cents to 2 cents. A special stamp had been issued at Christmas showing British possessions all over the world, and subscribed with the words, 'We hold a vaster Empire than has been'. 3-cent stamps after this were entirely done away with."

The end of Wilson's ministry on Salt Spring Island seems to have been caused in part by the break-up of family unity, though Fanny's rheumatism and his lumbago were also factors. In the winter of his 65th year he was driving himself and his horse as hard as he usually did making parish calls, when Biddy slipped on the icy road and he had to return home. He was implored to ease up on his work, but rather than give less than his best to his ministry he chose to cut it short and move to Santa Monica, California, leaving the island on a 4-month leave of absence. However, four months became four years.

The Wilsons settled into their own house and took an active part in community and church life. The family split that was the chief cause of their departure appears to have rapidly healed. Most of their Salt Spring Island children and grandchildren came to Santa Monica on visits, some as long as six months; on one occasion 20 family members were there.

When Edward and Fanny returned to Salt Spring briefly in 1913 his health was failing. His final two years were spent in a boarding house at 225 Quebec St. in Victoria, before he came back to his beloved St. Mark's Church, in a coffin, in 1915.

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FOOTNOTE

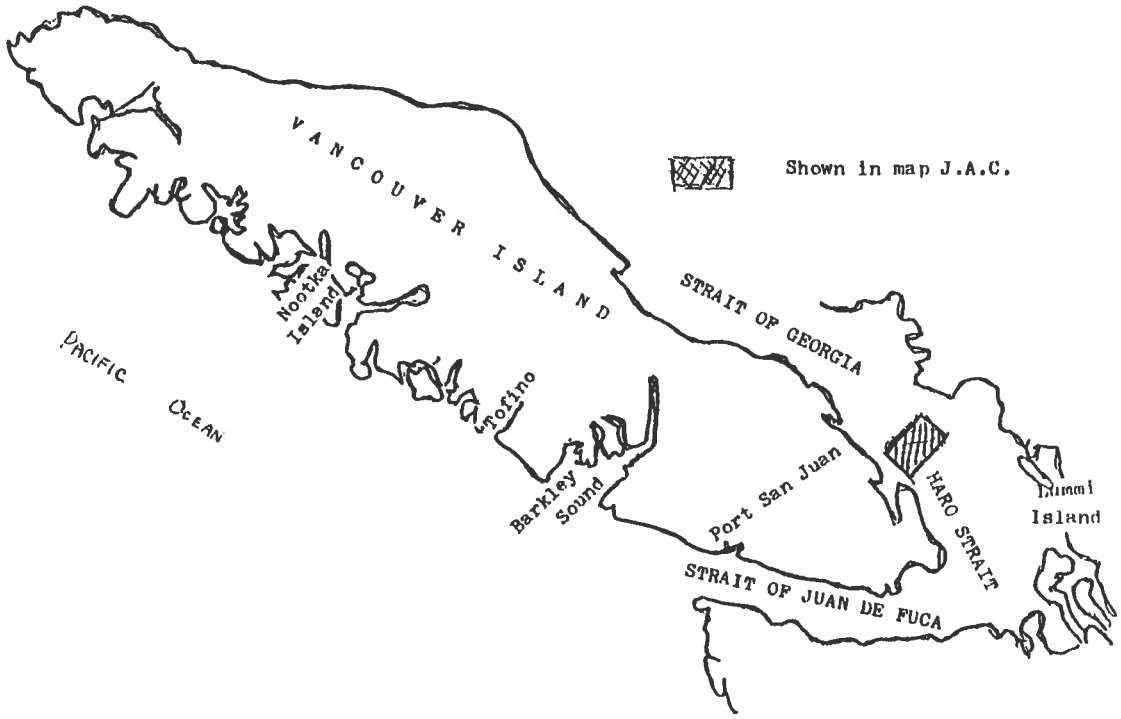
All quotations are from E.F. Wilsons 'Illustrated Family History 1868-1908' and his 'Home Journal 1891-1909'.

The writer is a resident of Salt Spring Island where he makes his home since retiring from the head office of B.C. Telephone Company. He has written a full history of Edward Wilson, Chalice In The Wilds, ***soon to be released by Braemar Books.***

Wilson with four of his children at his Salt Spring Island shack.

The Spanish Discovery of the Gulf of Georgia

by John Crosse



The exploration of B.C.'s coast and islands was an awesome challenge for European visitors in their small sailing vessels and smaller longboats. Traders, fearing to be embayed, would not venture into the channels glimpsed on their voyages to Nootka. The Spanish established an outpost at Nootka in 1789 and within a month of arrival Narvaez was dispatched in the captured **Northwest America** to examine the coastline southward. He was the first Spaniard to sight the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca from near Port San Juan, which retains the name he bestowed. The following year Manuel Quimper, again in a captured British ship,[1] made the first chart of the Strait. He was the first European to sail its whole length. Quimper reported that there were several channels at the eastern end that required further investigation. Bodega y Quadra in San Blas included "Examine the Inside of Fuca" as a duty for the Nootka Garrison in the summer of 1791.

The commander at Friendly Cove, Don Francisco de Eliza was directed to head north and work down the coast from Mount St. Elias. Eliza found the plan unworkable for the newly completed **Santa Saturnina**, sailing in the company with the **San Carlos**, had not been able to keep up with the larger vessel. The **Santa Saturnina**, as her manifest in the Museo Naval in Madrid [2] shows, was a tiny schooner only 36 feet in length, with a beam of 12 feet and drawing but 5 feet of water. Eliza had therefore been forced to turn about and put into Tofino. After visiting with Chief Wickaninish he detached the **Santa Saturnina** to make a survey of Barkley Sound and proceeded to Royal Roads. It is not clear whether he entered Esquimalt Harbour, for the anchor he placed on his map is outside the entrance, but we do know from a reference in Galiano's account the following year [3] that an incident took place in the harbour when the Salish made a determined effort to steal the longboat; only the guns of the **Santa Saturnina**, which had rejoined them, prevented its loss.

The Spaniards made their first attempt to enter Haro Strait on May 31, 1791. Verdia, a young pilotin, [4] took the longboat, armed, but was driven back by a strong force of Salish canoes. This expedition had no one who could communicate with the Salish, although they had become familiar with the Nootka language.

The **Santa Saturnina** had joined on 11th June, and on the 14th she was dispatched with the longboat to make a second attempt at the Haro Strait. This force was under Don Juan Pantoja in the smaller craft. They sailed on a flood tide [5] and a fresh Southwesterly, and by the time they were round Gonzales Point they found themselves being swept swiftly to the north. Pantoja tells of "a strong current which made such large whirlpools that we seemed to be sailing along a very copious river." The longboat, having no centreboard, sagged badly off to leeward, proving to have worse sailing qualities than the schooner. The **Santa Saturnina** hove to,

and Pantoja, with the wind freshening, was forced to lower his sails and row to the larger vessel. The two then proceeded with the longboat in tow. They continued thus until sunset.[6] Pantoja left the **Santa Saturnina** to anchor in Otter Bay, North Pender Island, and continued on under an almost full moon. [7] He was within two miles of Active Pass before turning back, and more anxious to follow Boundary Passage which he had sighted earlier in the day. Returning to Otter Bay both craft weighed at dawn on the 15th and proceeded under oars. At 8 a.m. with freshening headwind and an ebb tide, Pantoja left the schooner to anchor off Bedwell Harbour while he went in to explore the bay. When he came back the wind had died, but the tide had turned in his favor. By 2 p.m. they were into Plumper Sound, where again Pantoja went off in the longboat while the Santa Saturnina anchored. He got far enough to recognize Navy Channel, seen from near Active Pass the previous evening, and he looked into Lyall Harbur. By the time he returned the wind had died again, and with the longboat towing, both crews manned their oars once more.

It was fortunate that Pantoja had dallied in Plumper Sound, for as luck would have it, he rounded the East Point of Saturna Island just about slack water. The tides run strong at this point, especially during the Spring. (Modern Sailing Directions warn mariners that the Point "should be given a wide berth because of heavy tide rips, overfalls and eddies in the vicinity.") [9]

Re-enactment – 1991

Two hundred years later, in planning a re-enactment we had the benefit of this knowledge, of which Pantoja was oblivious, for he merely records "no sooner had we passed the point than we saw in the fourth quarter [10] a grand and extended canal . . . This I named El Gran Canal de Nuestra Senora del Rosario la Marinera". Thus Pantoja discovered the Gulf of Georgia. No overfalls, no tide rips.

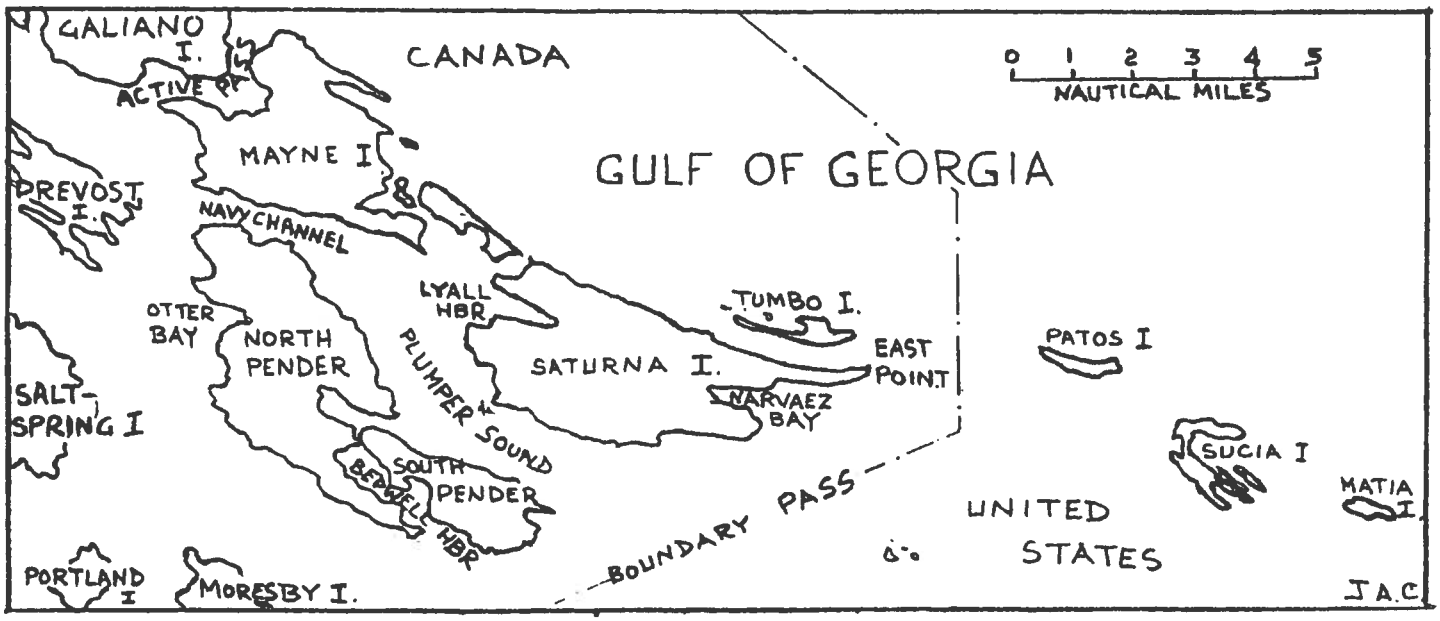
The Spaniards had passed at High Water, but that was after dark for our re-enactment, so we opted instead to round at Low Water. This meant a departure time from Bedwell Harbour of between 10:30 and 11 a.m.

I have been researching the 1791 Eliza Expedition for three years now, but John Kendrick's new book on the Galiano / Valdez Expedition [11], and the upcoming Captain Vancouver Bicentennial called for action. In the earlier part of this year I put together a slide show for the Vancover Maritime Museum, which was also shown in Port Townsend and on Saturna Island. Elida Peers' very successful Sooke Bicentennial for the Quimper Expedition put me in mind that something similar should be done to celebrate the Spanish discovery of the Gulf of Georgia a year before Captain Vancouver reached these waters. Fortunately to the rescue came Gerry Kidd, the editor of **Boat World**, a monthly yachting publication. In his May issue we published an article 'Spaniards in the Gulf.' Coming as it did at the end of the Gulf War, it rapidly caught yachtsmens' attention. Bravely we announced that on 15 June 1991 we would stage a re-enactment off Saturna Island. To our assistance came Gil Newall, one of Gerry's columnists and a director of the Council of B.C. Yacht Clubs, an organization that, unbeknown to the general public, has done much to establish marine parks in the province. Gil, whose previous track record included organising an escort for the royal yacht **H.M.S. Britannia**, put together a fleet of 28 yachts, made up mostly from Gulf Island clubs, but some from Vancouver and Victoria. Both the Canadian and United States Coast Guard sent cutters, for part of the Gulf lies in American waters, and leading the fleet, representing the **Santa Saturnina** and the longboat, were the **Fairwyn** and **Juanita** of the Vancouver Wooden Boat Society.

It had rained all the previous day, but as we cast off from Bedwell Harbour the sun started to break through, and with scarcely a ripple on the water we proceeded up Boundary Passage to Narvaez Bay on Saturna, where the fleet was to form up. **Juanita** was the last to arrive, having come over on B.C. Ferries and by tow from Browning Harbour. But shortly after 2 p.m. with **Fairwyn** in the lead, flying a flag specially flown from Madrid for the occasion, and towing **Juanita**, we were under way. Unlike the Spaniards of two hundred years ago we were all under engine power. Near East Point the tide rip caused **Fairwyn** to veer away, making it impossible for a crew to be put aboard **Juanita**. But the Gulf of Georgia was opening up fast and it was time to disperse. Some wag came on the ship-borne radio and announced "We have now officially discovered the Gulf of Georgia. The Northwest Passage is next".

Once round East Point the Spaniards had a much more difficult time. A fresh Northwesterly was blowing down the Gulf and they anchored for the night in the lee of Patos Island, now in American waters. Provisioned only for four days they pushed on to Sucia and Matia, but bad weather overtook them on the 18th, and they were forced to take shelter, probably in the Barnes and Clark Islands. This continued for the two following days. With little food they turned back. There is an anchor on their chart off Battleship Island, near Roche Harbor, which can only be attributed to them. The part of the chart showing their return route is confused. Haro [12], who questioned the pilots on their return to San Blas, placed a different interpretation on their discoveries to Pantoja and Narvaez, but it is difficult for us to appreciate what is must have been like in those tiny craft, manned by seamen from the Tropics, cold and wet with most of their records soaked. Pantoja is understandably vague about the conditions they experienced. When the two craft were in sight of the **San Carlos** four days later, the crews were so exhausted a boat had to be sent across from the headquarter's ship to covey Pantoja the last six miles to report to Eliza.

Today we know that the Northwest Passage lies well over a thousand miles to the north, but Pantoja had no such knowledge. After clearing East Point he had headed east, apparently still looking for the fabled route. Visiting Lummi Island recently I could see why he had lost his way. Though neither modern nor Spanish charts show it, the area is bounded by a confused mass of islands and mountains, some of the islands are flat, some mountainous, some of the



mountains are on the mainland, some on islands. It would have been impossible for anyone, especially in bad weather, in the slow moving vessels of that period, to know which way to go.

When the Spaniards tried a third time they shifted base to Discovery Bay, on the Olympic Peninsula, and came up through the Rosario Strait. Narvaez, who was in command on this stage, quickly determined that the Northwest Passage did not lie through Chuckanut Bay, and headed up the Gulf. There were so many places that he discovered in 1791 that it was impossible to hold a bicentennial celebration at each. Where he anchored off Point Grey the beach there is a nudist colony. We therefore opted to combine all the discoveries into one celebration, the discovery of the Gulf itself.

Up until 1791 almost all European contact had been with those parts of British Columbia which are still virtually uninhabited [13], but when the Spaniards broke through into the Gulf of Georgia they entered an area where over half the population of this province resides today. Even so, many still do not know that the Spaniards were here first, or who they were.

One of the most satisfying aspects of the re-enactment off Saturna was the enthusiasm of everyone who took part. Other than the fuel for the two coastguard cutters not a single penny of public or sponsored money was required. The yachtmen who sail the Gulf encounter history in the names of the bays and islands around them. They responded enthusiastically. The Spanish Embassy in Ottawa, to show their appreciation, donated the flag Fairwyn had flown off East Point, to the Vancouver Wooden Boat Society. It was a great day for everyone.

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John Crosse is a Marine Historian living in Vancouver.

REFERENCES

General Reference. H.R. Wagner, Spanish Explorations in the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Santa Ana, California, 1933, reprinted by AMS Press Inc., New York, N. Y. 1970. This translation of the Spanish manuscripts is still only generally available in research libraries.

1. The **Princess Royal**. Lloyd's Register, 1789, lists her as being a sloop of 60 tons (Old Measure), surveyed in Leith, Scotland in 1778, resurveyed 1786, Class Al, Copper sheathed, single deck with beams, draft 8 ft. when laden, owners Etches & Co..
2. Two manifests of the **Santa Saturnina** exist. The one in Madrid was prepared at Nootka before her departure in 1791. The one cited in all previous works was after her refit at San Blas in 1793. At that time topmasts and additional sails were fitted.
3. Page 103 of Kendrick, see 11 below.
4. Pilotin, the most junior rank of Pilot. Narvaez and Pantoja were Pilots, 2nd Class, at the time. These were subordinate to the 'Officers-of-War', who had to be of noble birth.
5. Tidal Predictions for 1791 were supplied by the Canadian Hydrographic Service, Dept of Fisheries & Oceans, Sidney, B.C..
6. Spanish vessels operating out of Nootka worked on San Blas Time, which was approximately two hours different from our Pacific Standard Time. I have changed Wagner's figures.
7. Lunar Movements for 1791 came from the Greenwich Observatory, England.
8. The **Santa Saturnina** was equipped with 8 oars, the longboat with 12. It would have been impossible to move the larger craft without two men per oar. She carried a crew of 22.
9. Page 89, Sailing Directions, B.C. Coast, Vol. 1, South Portion, 15th Edition, Dept of Fisheries & Oceans, Ottawa, 1990.
10. Fourth Quarter, Pantoja means the fourth quarter of the compass, between West and North.
11. The Voyage of the **Sutil** and **Mexicana** 1792: The last Spanish exploration of the Northwest Coast of America, Translated with an introduction by John Kendrick, Arthur H. Clark Co., Spokane, Washington, 1991, price $38.25.
12. Gonzales de Haro had been the Senior Pilot on the Quimper Expedition and therefore had a proprietary interest in the discoveries of the Eliza Expedition.
13. The exception of course is Victoria, which the Spanish missed.

NEWS & NOTES

HONGKONG BANK DONATION TO B.C. HISTORICAL FEDERATION

We are delighted to welcome the first corporate sponsor for the Federation's Writing Competition. The Hongkong Bank of Canada responded to an appeal for support by donating $1000 to the capital fund from which our prize monies are drawn. At a time of falling interest rates, this contribution is specially appreciated, and will help maintain the prize structure.

The cheque was handed over to Pamela Mar, chairman of the competition, by Mr. Bob Morrison, manager of the Nanaimo branch of the Bank of British Columbia, a division of the Hongkong Bank of Canada. The bank has long shown its interest in our province's history and culture, and this tangible demonstration of faith bodes well for continued support of historical writing.

CATTLE DRIVE '91
Quilchena to Kamloops

It got a little hard to sit tall in the saddle when temperatures reached 38 °C, but afterwards most agreed it had been a terrific experience. Some 420 riders and 200 cows participated in this four-day Western holiday, July 21-25, open to the public, celebrating the 100th anniversary of the provincial Ministry of Agriculture and the Canadian cattle industry. The 80 km Drive followed the historic Hudson Bay Company Brigade Trail from Quilchena, near Merritt, to Kamloops. Proceeds amounting to over $7000 went to the Crippled Children's Fund, the Kamloops Exhibition Association Agri-Fund, and the Riverside Coliseum under construction in Kamloops.

Preparations were extensive. The route, which led through many ranches, was carefully selected, as were the campsites, in order to minimize the impact on the environment. While some reseeding was later done, the Drive Committee was commended for leaving a garbage-free route. Heading the Committee was Kamloops cattle buyer Bruce Whyte.

If you couldn't ride a horse, you could go by covered wagon, a means enjoyed by a number of people including three women from France. The $375 entry fee included meals for four days, feed for horses, entertainment, and admission to Kamloops Rangeland Days, a three-day event which followed the Drive. Riders on rental horses (about 150) paid up to $625.

A state-of-the-art chuckwagon designed and presided over by Kamloops restauranteur Detlef Bahsen served up hearty meals. Evenings brought comradeship, relaxation and entertainment sponsored by Music '91. Participating in the first days of the drive, B.C. singer and songwriter Gary Fjellgard wowed the crowd with an impromptu concert.

MILITARY HISTORY SYMPOSIUM

The United States Air Force Academy will hold the fifteenth Military History Symposium, "Revolutionary War: Korea and the Transformation of the Post-War World," 14-16 October 1992. For further information contact:

Captain T. N. Castle, HQ USAFA/DFH, USAF Academy CO 80840-5701 or phone (719) 472-3230.

SCHOLARSHIP POST SCRIPT

John MacTavish, winner of the 1990 B.C. Historical Federation Scholarship, graduated from Simon Fraser University and is now studying Law at the University of British Columbia. His wife, Kendal, completed her degree in Education and is now a substitute teacher in the Vancouver school district.

BURNABY HOSTS 1992 CONFERENCE

Reserve May 7-10 for the annual BCHF Conference. There will be speakers, tours, lunch at Hart House, and visitors from other provinces. Fraser Wilson has prepared a map which shows accommodations, conference venues, and points of interest in Burnaby. Your editor predicts that this map will be a collector's item.

Registration packets will be distributed in late February to member societies. *Contact President Pixie McGeachie at 522-2062 for further information.*

CHEMAINUS MURAL RECALLS THE JAPANESE COMMUNITY

Two new murals and a cemetery monument were unveiled in Chemainus on August 10, 1991. Japanese Canadian artists were commissioned to prepare the murals, one of which features Shige Yoshida, Lone Scout of Chemainus. (See picture page 10.) Chemainus Historical Society invites visitors to view the new Murals, and their museum which opened August 17, 1991.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bill Brown's story of his connection with the Navy triggered my memory. My father-in-law, the late Instr. Captain Basil S. Hartley, was connected with Halifax, Kingston, and Esquimalt:

Captain Hartley was born May 14, 1867 and died Dec. 4. 1946. He was a graduate of Cambridge University and the Naval College at Greenwich. He married Clarissa Phoebe Sutherland in 1903 – she was related to the Duke of Sutherland whose engine, the Dunrobin, is now at Fort Steele.

In 1910, after a spell as Captain on the **H.M.S. Britannia**, he was sent to Halifax, on loan from the British Navy, to help with the establishment of the Naval College there, as Instr. Captain. The Halifax explosion in 1917 caused the transfer of the cadets and Instr. Capt. Hartley to the Royal Military College in Kingston where they finished out their year of training. Then he was transferred to Esquimalt where he helped to set up the Naval College where he became Director of Studies. In 1921 he retired from the Navy, and in the following years taught Mathematics at Victoria College in Victoria and also at U.B.C. in Vancouver. He finally retired and the Hartleys took up residence at Deep Cove, near Sidney on the Island. Later on they moved to Victoria – and he marked the exam papers of the cadets up until the time of his passing in 1946. A full Naval service was held for him with his Naval Cadets from Halifax Days as pall bearers, one of whom was Rear-Admiral Mengay.

The Hartleys had two sons – Thos. Sutherland Hartley, and Basil Shakespear Sutherland Hartley, both of whom have been gone for some time.

Edythe McClure

Book Shelf

Books for review and book reviews should be sent directly to the book review editor:
Anne Yandle, 3450 West 20th Ave., Vancouver B.C. V6S 1E4

Kelowna, The Orchard City, An Illustrated History

Ursula Surtees, Burlington, Ont., Windsor Publications Ltd., 1989. 134 p. $27.95.

When one has ploughed through this book, one has a wealth of information about Kelowna, but a rather confused idea of the actual way the city grew. It takes reflection and re-reading to get a clear picture of the growth process. Typical of many places we have first, the fur traders, then the missionaries, in this case the Oblates, then the earliest settlers, the Italian Casorsos being soon engulfed by English and Scottish immigrants. Kelowna appears to have been a mecca for the wealthy and influential; Lord and Lady Aberdeen were instrumental in the founding of the orchard industry, for instance. We are led through the first World War, the Depression, the Second World War, and the period leading up to today's rapid expansion.

Yet, how a history book can be termed "illustrated" without even one map is difficult to understand. Contrary to the obvious opinion of the author, all roads do not lead to Kelowna, and it would be wise to dig out a map before venturing into these convoluted pages.

Chapter One is not necessary. The ice age, and its demise, is well known, and was part of all British Columbia's history, not just Kelowna's. We do not need to be told "Occasionally a grinding sound rolled through the air, indicating the mass of ice was shifting . . ." and on and on.

However, it is reassuring to be informed in Chapter Two that "The Pandosy Mission site is an oasis of peace and tranquility." If ever I visit Kelowna I will seek it out.

One gets the impression that this city developed in a rather different way to that of many B.C. cities. Not many others, I am sure, featured polo matches, garden parties, theatre offerings, croquet, for heaven's sake, rod and gun clubs, etc., during birthing years.

Pictures are scattered throughout. Unfortunately many are not dated, and many of those pictures remain unidentified. The ones on page 29 are one example of this – four polo players in one picture, unnamed, undated. There is a lawn party, also undated, so one is forced to guess the date by the clothing, which is likely good for testing the extent of one's knowledge of costume. A more modern photo on page 34 is captioned in part – ". . . a construction foreman on . . . a controversial highway". What highway? When?

In Chapter Five everything not previously mentioned has been gathered in, and the reader requires real dedication. It is titled "On the Rebound". We read of Ogopogo, and a visit by the Prince of Wales, the first doctor, the first hospital, when electric light came to the downtown area in 1909. Then comes "a rather sad item" concerning the death of a pinto horse, the decline of the tobacco industry, post World War 2 housing, visits of Barbara Ann Scott and Gracie Fields, shopping malls.

Chapter Six begins with a flowery description of the seasons, and all-in-all is an excellent promotion of the city of to-day. It is reassuring to learn that Kelowna has followed so many other cities in the purchase of the "Jaws of Life".

The light at the end of the tunnel in this reading is the Partners in Progress section, which gives information about many of the businesses. It is concise, well-written and contains much background and history of those businesses. It takes in a wide spectrum, from the Chamber of Commerce to Western Bus Lines, from the law firm of Levin, Kendal and Co. to Fletcher Challenge Canada, Ltd. The section on B. C. Telephone details the coming of telephones not only to Kelowna, but to the entire Okanagan Valley. The conviction that the city is vital, progressive and innovative is brought vividly forward. The pictures are excellent, and well captioned. Perhaps Partners in Progress could be brought out in separate book form.

Finally, this book contains a good bibliography that will be valuable for future historians, as well as an index for both the Partners in Progress and General sections.

Kelsey McLeod

Kelsey McLeod is a member of the Vancouver Historical Society.

The Canadian Fur Trade in the Industrial Age.

Arthur J. Ray, University of Toronto Press, 1990. 283 p., tables, illustrations, $18.95 paperback, $40.00 cloth.

This book might well have been entitled The Canadian Fur Trade in the Age of Settlement, as it was settlement, rather than industry, that resulted in fundamental changes in the trade in the period 1870-1945 with which it deals. Sir George Simpson, who for a generation had ruled Rupert's Land for its owners, the Hudson's Bay Company, had kept the West sealed off from settlement, the only exception at the time of his death in 1860 being a tiny patch of population in the Red River Valley. Simpson suspected that changes were in the offing, but he would scarcely have credited what happened in the next decade.

In 1863 a group of British speculators, with exploitation of western land and natural resources rather than the fur trade in mind, acquired control of the capital stock of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1867 Confederation created a greater Canada that extended from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes and was clearly anxious to expand farther westward. And pressures were growing from the west and south. British Columbia was anxious to establish links with Canada, and as the supply of free land dwindled in the United States, Americans wondered if it might not be possible to push the international border farther north.

Something had to be done about the future of Rupert's Land, and in 1869 the British Government, acting on behalf of both Britain and Canada, purchased it from the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1870 it transferred ownership to the fledging dominion, which immediately created the new Province of Maniboba – clearly a step that anticipated settlement. Finally, in

1871, British Columbia joined Confederation. One of the conditions of union was construction of a railway between Canada and the Pacific Coast – a line that, incidentally, would provide ready access to a wide swath through Rupert's Land.

Thereafter changes were thick and fast. Canadian law became the law of the land, backed up after 1873 by the newly organized North West Mounted Police. A series of Indian treaties dealt with aboriginal right and established a reserve system in the southern part of Rupert's Land. Roads, river steamers and, finally, railways, made the West readily accessible, and cleared the way for settlement and agricultural development.

For the fur trade – at first virtually synonymous with the Hudson's Bay Company – the most important result was the end of the Company's monopoly and the advent of rival traders. Some were individuals, but later arrivals included substantial partnerships. They soon disturbed the old somewhat paternal relationship that had long existed between the HBC post masters and the Indians. Supplies had often been provided on credit, and in times of dire need the Company had acted as a rudimentary welfare organization. Rival traders soon disturbed matters further by offering a greater variety of merchandise, and this pushed the Company further in a direction in which it had begun to move after 1870. The sale of 1869 had left it entitled to one-twentieth of the land in the so-called "fertile belt" of Southern Rupert's Land, and revenue from this source and merchandising became a major preoccupation. This was personified in the rise of Donald Smith, later Lord Strathcona. He had spent his early career at trading posts in Labrador, but even there his interest had strayed to business and banking. In 1874 he was appointed the Company's first Land Commissioner, and he progressed onward and upward until he became Governor in 1889 – a post he held for twenty-five years. He was a major figure in the Canadian Pacific syndicate, and it is ironical that his role in the transformation of the Hudson's Bay Company is more or less forgotten, and he is remembered chiefly as the man who drove the last spike in the transcontinental railway. Four years earlier, in 1881, the Company had replaced the old-style retail trading shop at Upper Fort Garry with a four-story building (at the time the largest in Winnipeg) that included departments offering "dry goods, groceries, carpets, dressmaking, millinery, wines and spirits". Simpson's seal had been well and truly broken.

Over the years there were many changes in the fur trade itself. Settlement pushed it farther and farther north, and eventually it centred chiefly in the Arctic. Two world wars disrupted the world fur market, to the disadvantage of London and the advantage of the United States. Fashion played a significant part. The beaver hat disappeared and the lowly muskrat was for a time a more important source of revenue than the beaver. Later muskrat, suitably treated and disguised, would appear on the market as Hudson seal. At one time mink was used chiefly for coat linings; later it would become a luxury fur.

This is a highly complex story, and Dr. Ray tells it well but too concisely. For this is an important pioneer study – the first to make full use of the post-1870 archives of the Hudson's Bay Company and other sources that have become available recently. The actual text runs to no more than about 175 pages, supplemented by a formidable array of graphs, tables, maps, notes, illustrations and a bibliography.

The book cries out for a sequel to cover developments since 1945. Two very recent events come to mind. In 1987 the Hudson's Bay Company sold its 178 "northern stores", thus ending more than three centuries of participation in the fur trade. (One newspaper headline lamented that the Company had "turned its back on its history".) And in 1990 it stopped selling furs in its retail stores, a move probably due in great part to the propaganda of animal activists. As one journalist remarked, "The mink stole, once widely coveted, is now as likely to reap hostile comments as envious stares."

Change even reached **The Beaver**, the noteworthy historical quarterly the Hudson's Bay Company had published for many years. Formerly its sub-title had been "The Magazine of the North", but this has now been replaced by "Exploring Canada's History". Happily **The Beaver** is thriving. Frequency of publication has been increased to six times a year and circulation has grown to about 40,000.

W. Kaye Lamb

Dr. Lamb is former Dominion Archivist and former Honorary President of the B.C. Historical Federation.

Early Land Surveyors of British Columbia

(P.L.S. group), compiled and edited by John A. Whittaker. Published by the Corporation of Land Surveyors of the Province of British Columbia, 1990. 165 pp., illustrated.

This handy volume is a well researched compendium of biographical notes on the compact group of 85 Provincial Land Surveyors (PLS) who were formally examined and commissioned between 1891 and and 1905. Prior to 1891, about 141 Land Surveyors (LS) were recognized by the seven Surveyors General. The number would be much larger if all those making significant contributions to the exploration of British Columbia, starting with Capt. James Cook, were included.

Preparations for the PLS Group began in 1890, when the Surveyor General, WS Gore, published a list in B.C. Gazette of the 83 surviving Land Surveyors empowered to practice.

In 1891, "An Act respecting Land Surveyors" came into force, authorizing those on the 1890 list to continue in practice. The Act also established a Board of Examiners, comprising five PLS appointed by Tom Kains the new Surveyor General, to conduct formal examinations and commissioning, and to exert discipline when required.

The new PLS Commissions were published periodically in the B.C. Gazette, and the surveyors' names were entered and numbered in the Association register, so there is no uncertainty as to the members and their total number of 85.

The book's cover picture gives an enticing glimpse of surveyors' activities in the mountains about 80 years ago. This crayon and pastel sketch has been possessed by the corporation

since at least World War I, and forms a pleasing introduction to the content of the book.

To recreate the events of surveyors' lives one hundred years ago, the Historical and Biographical Committee of the Corporation consulted every conceivable government record, archive, museum, newspaper, journal, genealogical society; even the Okanagan Historical Society and the Alpine Club of Canada, but it is a sobering thought how little record remains of some surveyors' lives remains a century later, even though they were in the business of making permanent records. The biographical notes vary in length from six lines to nine pages.

Readers may be interested to read of plans without dimensions or bearings, and how one surveyor's career ended prematurely on the SS Titanic.

The case of surveyor and mountaineer Arthur Wheeler is also remarkable. Though he was never formally commissioned a PLS, he attended PLS meetings in Victoria, and served on the PLS executive committee in 1893. He founded the Alpine Club of Canada in 1904, was eminent in the first photo-topographic surveys of the Rocky and Selkirk mountains, and was Commissioner for British Columbia on the B.C.-Alberta boundary surveys, 1913-24.

Despite the care in compiling and editing the mass of data unearthed on the commissioned PLS, many inconsistencies in spelling and punctuation remain in the text, and this reviewer would be pleased to furnish a corrigenda to interested readers.

R.C. Harris

Mr. Harris, a frequent contributor to a number of B.C. magazines, is an expert on early maps and trails of the province, and a former president of the Map Society of B.C.

The Coal Coast: The History of Coal Mining in B.C. 1835-1900

Eric Newsome, Orca Book Publishers, 1989, 196 pp., illustrated.
ISBN 0-920501-11-7.
Paperback $13.95; Cloth $26.95.

Eric Newsome grew up in a family of Yorkshire coal miners. It seems natural that, when he took early retirement as a school administrator and headed to British Columbia "to write", his first research would be into coal mining in his adopted province. The resulting book surveys the Vancouver Island coal industry from the early discoveries and abortive attempts at mining around Fort Rupert on the north end of the Island to its peak period at the turn of the century when coalfields in both Nanaimo and Cumberland/Comox areas were in full production.

Newsome doesn't seem much interested in the economic or business history of the V.I. coalfields. What does engage him is the conflict over the half-century between masters and men. He combines use of primary and secondary sources (see Bibliography), and supplements by some detailed research on his own on particular topics.

What emerges is anecdotal – a telling, or rather a retelling of some of the more spectacular crises in the industry. Chapter Two centres around a series of episodes commencing with the discovery of coal by the HBCo, the initial clash at Fort Rupert between company officers and miners, two of whom were put in chains, before most of the party fled from their near-servitude to the California goldfields. Chapter Three relates the most familiar story of all – the discovery and exploitation of coal at Nanaimo in the early 1850s, the difficult relations of the HBCo with successive parties of miners they recruited in Ayrshire and the repeated desertions of members on the **Princess Royal** party from Staffordshire in protest against the company methods of payment.

Inevitably Newsome's approach means a good deal is said about the controversial figure, Robert Dunsmuir, who rose from face worker to coal tycoon. The author has done some new research on Dunsmuir's Ayrshire background, and tries to reconcile the (unexamined) tradition that Dunsmuir came from a family of "coal-masters." What is lacking is any sense of the dynamics of the coal industry or the source of those profits that turned a man into a multi-millionaire within 20 years. But Newsome does try to assess whether Dunsmuir was unique in his harsh relations with his employees, or just typical of the times.

Overall The Coal Coast on the 19th century Vancouver Island coalfields is a good read.

Keith Ralston

Professor Ralston has recently retired from U.B.C.'s Department of History, where he taught British Columbia History.

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